THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Samuel D. Patterson & Co. Publishers.
NUMBER NINETY-EIGHT CHESNUT STREET.

Two Dollars Per Annum, In Advance.
THREE DOLLARS IF NOT PAID IN ADVANCE.

A FAMILY NEWSPAPER: NEUTRAL IN POLITICS: DEVOTED TO GENERAL NEWS, LITERATURE, SCIENCE, MORALITY, AGRICULTURE AND AMUSEMENT.

VOLUME XXVII. PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, AUGUST 21, 1847. WHOLE NO. 1360.

Original Poetry.

MY SISTER.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, BY FLORA MAY.

I had a gentle sister, long ago,
Who fanned the fountain of my love to flow.
She was a pretty creature, young and fair,
With flaxen tresses and auburn rolling hair,
And tones like music falling on the ear,
Bringing earnest comfort to the child of fear.
In truth, she was a lovely, winning one,
And few more perfect have this life race run;
She was our mother's joy, our father's pride,
And unto me there seemed some beside.
From mom till night she was my only thought,—
Her pleasure for herself she never sought;
For others's delighted her to live.
And she was happy if she could but give.
How great her piety, no one may know,
Save we were her intimates before
We witnessed her devotion to her God,
We saw her weekly bow His smiling rod;
For, when afflicted with acute disease,
Or every heart her benefits a wish for more
It is my Father's will, she'd sweetly say,
He's dealing with me in a kidden way,
I will not murmur, 'twill in mercy be placed,
And what seems now my loss may prove my gain.
She was attacked by one of a sudden,
Of mighty smallest, and talent rare,
To whom we bear her the future bride;
She saw the gulf between them was too wide.—
"If land in hand we cannot work for Heaven,"
Her answer was, "Our spirits must be riven."
He could not feel the justice of her plea,
That could be from that cherished presence flee;
But though her fondness would have urged his suit,
She felt it right his image to uproot.
They after will be united in the sky,
A mate whose love would fill most hearts with pride,
But the young Christian has her trial well,
And, though with breaking heart, bade him farewell.
He left us then, she was not on the scene,
And when there came accounts of his great fame,
She would retire and seek for sad shrove,
To loose the force of that endless love.
One night, as in a wakeful mood I lay,
I saw my sister rise, and heard her pray
"Great God," she said, "I bow before Thy throne;
For now I wish Thine own
My Father, leave to Thy daughter's voice,
And make her meaner spirit to rejoice.
Long has she felt a burden on the earth,
And hush'd within her is the voice of mirth,
Long has she felt the woe that makes her eyes dim
Since now a burden and a weary smile
My Father, if not call for me,
For Edwin's need my lowly lungs to do."
She rose; her lovely face was cold and pale,
Fit radiant as the moon, and as mild;
She stood beside me with a look of love,
Then kissed my lips and softly bade me move.—
She thought I slept, but no, I heard her pray
That I might journey with her on her way,
That none one we trial might be given,
That joy not pain might win my soul to Heaven;
Then sleep my weary eyes, and I was still,
And freed her from the memory of pain.
That long, however, was she mine to roam,
The angels needed her in their glad home.
So they waved over her the gate of Heaven,
"Here, Lord, am I, and she whom Thou hast given."

Original Tales.

SOWING IN TEARS AND REAPING IN JOY.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, BY T. S. ARTHUR.

Emily Weldon was happy. She had been wooed and won. The wedding day was appointed, and all the pleasant excitement of preparation for that period time, the hours passed sweetly away.

The young man, who had won the fair Emily soon expected to become, was engaged in mercantile pursuits. His store was near that of Mr. Weldon, the father of Emily, with whom he was in regular business intercourse.

One day, it was within two weeks of the time at which the marriage was to take place, Mr. Weldon came home, looking very grave. This was noticed both by his wife and daughter, although no remark was made thereon by either of them. The cause they supposed to lie in some matter of business that gave him more than usual concern.

On that evening, when Mr. Weldon was alone with his wife, he said, in a very serious tone,

"I heard something about Henry Miller this morning, that I do not like at all."

"Indeed! What is it?"

"I am afraid he does not possess honest principles."

"Why do you think so?"

"I will tell you. Shortly before last he went to New York, and attended a sale of French silks. He purchased largely, and had the goods forwarded before he left the city. They came to hand here some ten days ago, and have since been sold by him in the original packages, which, he stated to the purchaser, had been opened by the custom house officers from the pattern cards, and at a small advance on the prices paid. The last purchaser, on examining the goods, found some of the pieces soiled and damaged. Of the fact of this damage, Mr. Miller denies all previous knowledge; but I have evidence of a character to satisfy me, which satisfies me that he did know of this damage, and knowing it sold the goods as sound, thus actually deceiving the purchaser. A man who will do this is a rogue at heart, and not fit to become the husband of Emily."

"This is a grave matter," said Mrs. Weldon, looking very serious. "But will not Henry take back the goods, or make some abatement in the price?"

"He will do neither, the purchaser informs me. He alleges that it was a fair sale, and cannot be cancelled."

"Will the person who bought from him lose much in the transaction?"

"At least a thousand dollars."

"That's bad, very bad! But perhaps what Henry says is true. It may be that he did not know any thing of the defect in the goods."

"Unfortunately for him," replied Mr. Weldon, "there are at least three merchants in my neighborhood, of whose veracity there can be no question, who positively say that several of these packages of goods were some by them once in Henry's store, on the day they were received from New York, and that they saw him looking over them. That is one fact, and a pretty strong one—for it comes in a positive shape. The presumptive evidence is equally strong. At least six days elapsed from the time these goods were received until they were sold; and it is hardly to be presumed that they were suffered to lie in his store all that time without examination. And again, they were purchased with a special view to his country sales, for he so informed one on his return from New York; stating at the time that he had bought them low, and expected to obtain quite handsome returns from them. The small advance he obtained on the whole lot was not worth consideration as a set off to what he would have made if the goods had been sound, and he had sold them by the piece to his country and city customers. The more I look at it and think about it, the less am I inclined to be satisfied he has acted with dishonesty. If I can be fully assured of this, he shall never have the hand of Emily with my approval, for I shall at once withdraw the consent I gave to the marriage."

"Be well persuaded in your own mind that the charge is a just one, Mr. Weldon, before you take this decided step, for there is no telling what may be the consequences," said the wife, much disturbed in her mind.

"What stronger proof do I need that Henry is not honest at heart," replied Mr. Weldon, "even admitting the correctness of the matter, than the fact that he sold the damaged goods, and refuses to take them back. Admit that they were sound, under a belief that they were in a sound condition—does this alter the case? Not at all, in my mind. He represented them as good, and the purchaser, believing his representations, paid him the price of sound goods, and received a damaged article, upon which he must lose heavily. Upon every principle of remunerable honesty, he is bound to take them back, and cannot refuse to do so without dishonor. This is my decision."

"Suppose you talk to him. Perhaps you could persuade him to act differently."

"Oh, no! I shall not say a word. I shall use no influence. Mere persuasions, if yielded to, would not change the principles from which he acts. They would remain the same, and would show themselves at another fitting opportunity. Let him act out, in freedom from all interference from me, his real character; and then we can see its true quality. It is of the most vital consequence to our daughter that this become fully apparent."

On the next day, either and stronger evidence reached Mr. Weldon, and he no longer had the smallest doubt remaining upon his mind as to the question, whether Miller did or did not know that the goods he sold were in a damaged condition. It was clear that he did know this, and deliberately took a dishonest advantage in trade.

It now became the mother's duty to break this unhappy news to her daughter, and dash from her lips the bitter cup for anything from which she would shrink. She thought I slept, but no. I heard her pray That I might journey with her on her way, That none one we trial might be given, That joy not pain might win my soul to Heaven; Then sleep my weary eyes, and I was still, And freed her from the memory of pain. That long, however, was she mine to roam, The angels needed her in their glad home. So they waved over her the gate of Heaven, "Here, Lord, am I, and she whom Thou hast given."

with an agonizing pang, but with a firm heart. She knew that Emily's love was not a thing to be lightly broken, and that the shock would be severe upon her child. But, it must be given, and she nerved herself for the painful duty.

"Emily," said Mrs Weldon, coming at once to the point, for the subject was of too grave and weighty a character to admit of any graceful approaches—"I have sad news for you. But it is better that you hear it now."

The face of Emily's maiden grew pale, and her lips quivered. She tried to ask what the sad news was, but could not utter a syllable.

"Your father has discovered something in the conduct of Henry that displeases him very much And it is something that should excite us strongly your displeasure."

Emily tried in vain to ask what her lover had done. But her tongue was paralyzed.

"Your father calls what he has done, dishonest!" resumed Mrs. Weldon.

Instantly the face of Emily became flushed.

"He charges him falsely, Ann!" she said, with strongly expressed indignation.

"Your father would be the last man to bring a false accusation against any one," replied Mrs. Weldon, seriously.

"I know I know! But he is mistaken!" replied the daughter, quickly, leaning forward against her mother, and burying her face on her bosom. Her frame quivered, and tears gushed from her eyes.

After the violence of this outburst of mental anguish had subsided, and while the face of her daughter was still hidden upon her bosom, Mrs Weldon said:

"To you, Emily, this is a thing of vital importance. Your happiness is involved. I would not wound your mind. Try and seel calm about it. Let your reason act freely, in order that you may weigh dispassionately all the evidence that will be brought to your mind. If we have been mistaken in our estimation of Mr. Miller's character, it is much better that we should know it now."

Emily made no answer. After passing a few moments, to collect her thoughts, the mother in as delicate and connected a manner as possible, related to her daughter all that she had learned about the sale of the damaged goods. After she had concluded, Emily, with a firmness of tone that surprised her mother, but proving pale and sad, but was perfectly calm.

"I shall believe nothing against Henry, mother," she said, "until I hear what he has to say about this matter. It is but right that he should be heard in his own defence, and that he will make a clear statement of the whole matter, I have not the least doubt."

"Do you think so?"

"I will tell you when I return."

"I will not leave home last he went to New York, and attended a sale of French Silks. He purchased largely, and had the goods forwarded before he left the city. They came to hand here some ten days ago, and have since been sold by him in the original packages, which, he stated to the purchaser, had been opened by the custom house officers from the pattern cards, and at a small advance on the prices paid. The last purchaser, on examining the goods, found some of the pieces soiled and damaged. Of the fact of this damage, Mr. Miller denies all previous knowledge; but I have evidence of a character to satisfy me, which satisfies me that he did know of this damage, and knowing it sold the goods as sound, thus actually deceiving the purchaser. A man who will do this is a rogue at heart, and not fit to become the husband of Emily.

"This is a grave matter," said Mrs. Weldon, looking very serious. "But will not Henry take back the goods, or make some abatement in the price?"

"He will do neither, the purchaser informs me. He alleges that it was a fair sale, and cannot be cancelled."

"Will the person who bought from him lose much in the transaction?"

"At least a thousand dollars."

"That's bad, very bad! But perhaps what Henry says is true. It may be that he did not know any thing of the defect in the goods."

"Unfortunately for him," replied Mr. Weldon, "there are at least three merchants in my neighborhood, of whose veracity there can be no question, who positively say that several of these packages of goods were some by them once in Henry's store, on the day they were received from New York, and that they saw him looking over them. That is one fact, and a pretty strong one—for it comes in a positive shape. The presumptive evidence is equally strong. At least six days elapsed from the time these goods were received until they were sold; and it is hardly to be presumed that they were suffered to lie in his store all that time without examination. And again, they were purchased with a special view to his country sales, for he so informed one on his return from New York; stating at the time that he had bought them low, and expected to obtain quite handsome returns from them. The small advance he obtained on the whole lot was not worth consideration as a set off to what he would have made if the goods had been sound, and he had sold them by the piece to his country and city customers. The more I look at it and think about it, the less am I inclined to be satisfied he has acted with dishonesty. If I can be fully assured of this, he shall never have the hand of Emily with my approval, for I shall at once withdraw the consent I gave to the marriage."

"Be well persuaded in your own mind that the charge is a just one, Mr. Weldon, before you take this decided step, for there is no telling what may be the consequences," said the wife, much disturbed in her mind.

"What stronger proof do I need that Henry is not honest at heart," replied Mr. Weldon, "even admitting the correctness of the matter, than the fact that he sold the damaged goods, and refuses to take them back. Admit that they were sound, under a belief that they were in a sound condition—does this alter the case? Not at all, in my mind. He represented them as good, and the purchaser, believing his representations, paid him the price of sound goods, and received a damaged article, upon which he must lose heavily. Upon every principle of remunerable honesty, he is bound to take them back, and cannot refuse to do so without dishonor. This is my decision."

"Suppose you talk to him. Perhaps you could persuade him to act differently."

"Oh, no! I shall say a word. I shall use no influence. Mere persuasions, if yielded to, would not change the principles from which he acts. They would remain the same, and would show themselves at another fitting opportunity. Let him act out, in freedom from all interference from me, his real character; and then we can see its true quality. It is of the most vital consequence to our daughter that this become fully apparent."

On the next day, either and stronger evidence reached Mr. Weldon, and he no longer had the smallest doubt remaining upon his mind as to the question, whether Miller did or did not know that the goods he sold were in a damaged condition. It was clear that he did know this, and deliberately took a dishonest advantage in trade.

It now became the mother's duty to break this unhappy news to her daughter, and dash from her lips the bitter cup for anything from which she would shrink. She thought I slept, but no. I heard her pray That I might journey with her on her way, That none one we trial might be given, That joy not pain might win my soul to Heaven; Then sleep my weary eyes, and I was still, And freed her from the memory of pain. That long, however, was she mine to roam, The angels needed her in their glad home. So they waved over her the gate of Heaven, "Here, Lord, am I, and she whom Thou hast given."

Original Poetry.

SUNSET.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

How sweet and lovely is this quiet scene,
How soothing to the soul the peaceful calm,
Wide Nature, smiling with a face serene,
Lies in the Sun's departing Evening Psalm.
A music breathes from every object here,
The Earth and Sea send forth melodious sounds,
A thousand echoes answer the lovelorn air,
The Heart which has been still rejoices bounds.

Behold the waves, as with rippling play
They glide along the ever-changing shore,
And mirror back the blushing orb of day;
Then flow through passes never seen before.
See how each parting ray of golden hue
Reflects its image in the glittering stream,
And how the Heavens above of purest blue,
In double beauty in the waters gleam.

The trees with pleasure shake their leafy boughs,
And wave a portion in the setting light,
Then turn with soddened and with darkened brows
To greet the approaching Night.
The little warblers in their airy bodes,
Before they nestle to their nightly rest,
Stretch forth once more their tiny downy heads,
And and farewell unto the golden West.

While Man, in silence, gazes on the sky,
And reads therein in the setting light,
Lo! to the Sun departs, as shalt thou die;
Then—but one moment—shalt be shadow of Night!
But for a time alone it stalks to rest,
To gain new strength to rise the Western wave:
So shalt thou rise again with beauty blessed,
From out the seeming cold, yet blissful grave!

Aug. 1st, 1847. D.

A Tale of Romance.

THE DREAM BRIDE OF ROSENHEIM.

BY SUTHERLAND CRAVEN.

CHAPTER I.

Herman von Rosenheim was the last of his race. Lord of a fair and wide domain, he was as lonely as a solitary of the desert. A constitution delicate, almost to fragility, had, in childhood, consigned him entirely to the care and superintendence of his lady mother and her bower maidens, and his proud father had literally cut the weakness of his boy, who shrank from the glitter of steel, and the wild merriment of the hunter's carouse. But he was his only son; all the affection which centred upon him, in their earliest infancy, and there appeared no chance of prolonging the life of this sole heir of a mighty name and broad domain, but by the gentle nurture and quiet seclusion which his timid nature and weak health caused him so decidedly to prefer. Instead of cultivating himself the hirsutic exercises, the young Herman cultivated roses, and was too deeply absorbed in the study of metaphysics, (which (we think) is in (or at) the bottom of all,) to hear the gay revellie of the chase, as his sire and his stalwart train of foresters swept forth from the castle, to the lusties excitement of the hunting field.

Time glided on. Herman insensibly passed from childhood to youth, amid the same tranquil and fanciful delights. His tutor, guided by the wishes of the baroness, had never attempted to give his pupils other bias, and when the gallant Baron of Rosenheim departed this life, his successor was but a visionary and a dreamer! He sought not the gay amusements of the capital, nor cultivated the society of the neighboring lords—the bright eyes of the young village maidens glanced not in his thoughts, and the smiles of the fair and noble ladies, who visited his lady mother, fell on his insensible heart like moonlight on a frozen lake; but Herman was the last of his race, and it was now indispensable that he should seek a bride worthy of the name of Rosenheim. The chance, the wealth of the noble maidens, alternately selected by the Baroness as eligible, were the unceasing theme of her matrimonial lectures, yet the visionary Herman heard not, nor heeded not, and the ladies Bertha, and Agatha, and Ida, were the daily topics of the worthy dame, but all was in vain—his mind was too deeply tinctured by the mystical romance of another sphere.

An order of beings were supposed, by the cabalists of the middle ages, to exist, superior to our mortal nature, superhumanly beautiful, and invisible to all but the true worshippers of the occult science; and, entranced by their glowing descriptions of those astral sylphs, the sole object of Herman's existence was, to render himself worthy of beholding one of those radiant daughters of the air, and his vigils were prolonged far into the night, while engaged in studying the almost incomprehensible rules for performing aright the cabalistic ceremonies which were to summon the spirit bride to the enraptured gaze of her earthly worshipper and lover.

As a natural consequence of this, his health, meanwhile, declined so rapidly, that it soon appeared the last of the lords of Rosenheim was more likely to occupy the family vault, than to lead a bride home in triumph to his castle hall!

On the night of the full moon, as Herman paced the long gothic gallery, waiting for the auspicious moment to enter his study, and complete the last of the mysterious rites demanded by the laws of the cabalist, his eye chanced unconsciously traced the passing of the moonbeams on the wall, until, at last, they gleamed full upon a veiled picture, which had been in his household, occupied the hallowed recent space! With awakened curiosity, he sprang forward, and drawing aside the veil, beheld a form that, it seemed, he mortal hand had traced!

The picture represented a secluded spot—a portion of his own grounds where a fountain welled in silver rain, and his own hand had raised the bright flowers of other and fairer lands—the rain bow light from the spraying of the tropic tree, and foliage and gorgeous blooms, overshadowed there the statue of a sleeping nymph, but her place was the only one occupied by the graceful form of a woman, whose beauty was almost, (or earth, too glorious; her attire (which glittered in the moonlight as if it had been spun from the sunbeams) was peculiar in its arrangements, and partly of that aerial character with which we invest angelic shapes; her white and delicate arms were bare to the shoulder, and her slight and swan like throat, encircled by a collar of gleaming emeralds; a transparent veil floated around her like a cloud of green and glistening light, and down almost to her small sandalled feet fell the fair ringlets of her ethere hair! Entranced and spell-bound, Herman gazed, as if fascinated, and started wildly at the voice of his ancient tutor, now his fellow-student in cabalism.

"Come, come, my lord," said Ugic, "the auspicious moment has arrived! and you stand gazing on the moonbeams, ungrateful for the mercy and destiny!"

"Who placed this picture here?" was Herman's reply—and it was only by the wondering gaze of Ugic that he became sensible that to his eye alone was it visible. After passionately describing the beautiful maiden still smiling upon him from the canvas, a cloud came over the brow of the aged Ugic, and he exclaimed. "Have you, then, unhappy Herman, gazed upon the fatal picture which can only be looked upon by the lords of Rosenheim, and then only when death and danger threatens them?"

"Danger! death!—these words should be silenced to rapture, to idolatry! By Heaven, I swear, no other image shall fill this heart—no other maiden become the bride of Herman von Rosenheim!"

A fearful oath, indeed! She whom you defy scribe is no longer of this earth. Those centuries have elapsed since Ermengarde of Rosenheim died by the hands of her father, a baron of your race, for daring to love a peasant chief. Her picture was also born by his hands from its place amid her ancestors—and ever since that fatal hour it has never been visible but when death or dangers threatens the race of which she was once the fairest flower! Yet, however, dead, must have also heard your nurse relate the legend of the valley of the fountain, and the mournful doom of Ermengarde the fair!"

Herman gazed upon the speaker with a wild intensity, and his visionary and excited imagination was at once awed and entranced by the remembrance of how his infant fancy had dwelt upon the sorrows of his mystical ancestress, and how in the youthful enthusiasm led him to select the valley of the fountain as his favorite resort. Ugic paused, and Herman looked once more towards the fair Ermengarde; but the picture had vanished!—and the moonbeams played only over the carved work of the massive gallery!

"The draught—the draught, good Ugic! Let me quaff the oblivious stream—let me leave life and its cold realities behind, and, in the world of dreams begin a new existence!—is not such the power of these enchanted potions?"

"It is, my honored lord, gathered at the change of the moon, and distilled beneath her waning beams; it has the power to cause whatever wish you may breathe ere you sink to slumber beneath its influence to become fulfilled in your dreams, even were it to call the dead from the grave of departed existence! But pause, my lord—too well I know your thoughts."

"Give me the cup! I drink to Ermengarde the fair!"—and the lord of Rosenheim snatched from the hands of Ugic the enchanted goblet, and draining its contents, cast himself, yet apparelled, upon his couch.

Herman dreamt that he passed through a dim and misty void, and that, with a seeming struggle for life, he became surrounded by a delicious yet overpowering atmosphere of powerful fragrance, and awoke from that strange trance in the valley of the fountain! And indeed, upon the bank of flowers, sat the maiden of the picture—the mysterious Ermengarde! To cast himself at her feet, to pour forth the impassioned language of a heart, naturally fervid, but diverted by his mystical enthusiasm into a channel unknown to mortals at the moment, and the fair idol of his dream shrank not from her entranced adorer; she smiled upon him with a look of delight and grace, and for the *first time* in his life Herman von Rosenheim felt the thrilling power of *woman's eye!* The large, blue eyes of Ermengarde! Yet, vast indeed was the change in the scene which surrounded him! Instead of the gothic terrace leading to the family chapel that he stood, and Ermengarde the Fair again smiled upon the enchanted lover, but she appeared crowned with a coronet of pearls, and the Captain's plume waved! Her fanciful and vivid garb had vanished—her long flowing robes were of snowy satin, taken like the Grecian bride in the chair of her mother, and her sandaled—her silver broidered bodice was laced and looped and fringed with orient pearl—her fair tresses were braided with pearl, and her bosom—oh! that bosom—and there was a blush upon her cheek, and a softening air of delicacy pervaded her whole graceful form.

Herman paused as he approached her, to gaze with a feeling of reverence upon the beautiful being who had assumed a new character; a fairer, and yet more earthly charm! At length he took her passive hand, and led her to the altar of the adjoining blush, and a trembling hesitation of manner.

Speak not, lord of Rosenheim! in the castle chapel alone can the enigma of thy destiny be solved.

A wand, and yet agitated, he silently obeyed, and a few steps led them to the door, which suddenly opened, and a peal of sublime music swelled upon the ear. He hesitated within arranged for a bridal ceremony. The interior was brilliantly illuminated; his mother, the baroness, surrounded by a glittering group of lords and ladies, stood by the altar; and a fair band of maidens received the blushing Dream Bride, as she glided from his side! Herman's breast was filled with amazement, Herman began to feel that he was really and truly awake, and the tryst of Ermengarde was no longer a dream!

Ugic, stepping forward from the circle, drew him gently aside, and, in a few words, the whole mystery was unravelled. *He had never dreamed at all!* The potion which he had quaffed was a narcotic prepared with such skill, that its power would be dissipated, for a while, by the inhalation of a powerful perfume, but would, ere perfume, but would return upon *Monsieur Grampin*, as the proper person to indemnify him for any loss he might have sustained; but many of the guests were those of some twenty of the city watch, armed with short swords. The sailors knew the character of this posse, made no resistance, and were safely locked up in the watch house of the night; and the gamblers returned to the common work of darkness, plaging cards and drinking it. Such was the end of the midnight orgies of the cunning comes upon the dead body of the Captain.

THE DR. JOHNSON OF ANIMALS.

The elephant would seem to be more comfortably situated than most. He has water to bathe in, and to refresh his appetite with. He has room enough to himself for his circuit. Very interesting is it to see and hear him suck the water up in his trunk and then squirt it into his mouth

United States SATURDAY POST.

HENRY PETERSON, EDITOR.

Philadelphia:

SATURDAY, AUGUST 31, 1861.

TERMS.

Single copies $2 per annum in advance—$2 if not paid for.

For $5 an advance one copy will be sent three years. To Clubs we make the following liberal offers:

4 COPIES,	$10	PER ANNUM.
8 "	$20.00	" "
12 "	$25.00	" "
18 "	$30.00	" "

The money for Clubs must always be sent in at once.

Letters will not be taken from the Post Office unless the postage is paid.

Subscriptions must always date from the Post Office received from, as we deal in which the paper is to be sent forward.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

KATE LEE.—There is much that is pretty in the sketch, but we do not think it quite comes up to the standard of merit, and that the Post Office warrants us in requiring.

M. W. M.—We shall be pleased to receive the valuable sketches of. We have never seen it.

ECONOMY.—Persons occasionally send us Enigmas, which we question whether they have. Of course we are not judges of their merit, and therefore do not publish them. Mistakes in spelling, &c., are also, when noticed, found sufficient.

AN EVERSON OF THE WILMINGTON, is accepted.

TO POSTMASTERS.

Postmasters having occasion to address letters on business to us, will please remember that the law forbids to Post Office Drafts, went out of operation upon the first of this month. The old give all letters marking the money direct to us, will hereinforward have to be inserted to.

AN IMPOSTOR.

The Post Master at Chester Grove, Davidson county, Tennessee, writes that a person signing himself Henry B. Weld, was in that vicinity recently, obtaining subscribers for the Post. He wisely avoided calling upon the Post Master, but went to others, saying he had been advised to call upon them by him. We have no agent of the name of Henry B. Weld—no one has been authorized to collect of agents, at the head of our third page. Those agents not only cheat the community out of considerable sums, but do us at the same time a deal of injury.

THIS WEEK'S PAPER.

We think Flora May's poem, "My Sister," is quite pretty and touching—what do our readers think?

"Sowing in Tears and Reaping in Joy," is one of those pieces which bear upon them the unmistakable stamp of Mr. Arthur's mind. It is calculated, we think, not only to interest, but to do good. We advise our young lady readers, especially, to peruse it.

"The Dumb Bride of Rosenthal," we imagine, for the Romantic class of our readers—we like to read romantic tales, ourselves, occasionally; especially when they turn out well, as this one does.

As for the selections generally, in this week's paper—the Scene in a Gambling House, the Temperance System, the account of Sergeant Canning, with pictures, the poetry, &c., &c., we trust they are O. K.—which means, according to our interpretation, all logical.

CURIOSITIES OF OPPOSITION.

We have been amused and instructed in reading an article under the above head, in Chambers's Edinburgh Journal, showing how hasty mankind are to throw aside old ways of doing things, and the unpopularity and ridicule with which even the most important improvements have been received. The improvements particularly treated of in the article alluded to, are those which relate to travelling and the transportation of merchandise. First it is curious to see how the managers of old roads opposed the making of those of a better character, how these latter, when made, opposed the establishment of run steamboats and make canals, and then finally how canals, steamboats and common roads opposed railways. The illustrations of course are drawn from English history, but they are none the less interesting on this account.

We are told in the first place, that in 1760, the farmers and waiters attempted to break down the banks of the river Lea, which had then been made navigable for a short distance, because their business of land carriage, could not compare with the water carriage. Then, nearly a century after, when the enormous number of six stage coaches had been put upon the road, and turnpikes began to come into use, various pamphlets were written upon the evils which would necessarily result from this great facility of conveyance. The county gentlemen feared that the easiness of getting to London, would be fatal to the domestic habits of their wives; the innkeepers urged that the rapidity of travelling, which this excessive competition had stimulated, would be fatal to their interests, by preventing travellers from stopping as often as formerly to eat and lodge on the road; while the farmers near London declared that their markets would be ruined by allowing a greater distance being able to come in with their produce. All these claims and many others opposed the new roads, and Parliament was besieged with petitions, praying that these new fangled schemes might be put down by law. Such was the opposition that turnpikes and rapid stage coach travelling had to encounter.

Then steam came more into notice—and the progenitors of stage coaches and turnpikes, began to groan. When steamboats were first started in Glasgow, the most preposterous story the report ever originated Parliament on the subject; showing that their occupation was on the point of being ruined. But Parliament did not feel free to put down the steamboats, and in a short time it was found that the increased travel made business enough for both modes of conveyance. Besides, there was a number of old, envious individuals, who could never be persuaded into one of these "risky, tea kettle things"—and the learning of a ballet occasionally was a god-send to the stage coaches, while the assertion of a coach every day would not have helped up the steamboat a penny, for the old fellow never used to that.

Then railroads were proposed—and the proposal was received with a perfect storm of opposition and ridicule by the steamboats, and their allies the canals. The turnpikes and stage coaches also joined in the hue and cry—they were ruined, they said, they thought, if this new scheme succeeded. The canals declared it was a violation of "vested rights"—it was contended that the formation of a railway would be destructive to all private property along the line, and moreover the value of the adjacent country, a million of horses would be thrown out of service, to the entire deterioration of the land, and the abandonment of 1,000,000 acres of land (calculated to be now) required to grow oats for them. But, notwithstanding all this opposition—these canals, steamboats, turnpike roads, and stage and stable keep, the Manchester and Liverpool Company obtained a charter in 1826. Still the opposition did not cease. The decision of the company to adopt locomotive engines was ridiculed in every quarter. Travellers were writing to demonstrate the danger of travelling faster than nine or ten miles an hour, and it was advised that Parliament should restrict the speed to that rate; while some pamphleteers suggested that at a speed of forty miles an hour, there would be great difficulty in breathing. To give an idea of the absurd arguments of even educated journals on the subject, the following is quoted from the "Quarterly Review," of 1824:

"As to those persons," says the reviewer, "who speculate on making railways general throughout the kingdom, and suppressing all the canals, all the stages, mail and stage-coaches, packhorses, and, in short, every other conveyance by land and by water, we deem them not their visionary schemes unworthy of notice. The gross exaggerations of the property of the locomotive steam-engine, as to speed in plain English, the steam carriage may do three for a time, but not to the annihilation of those concerned. The writer then quotes a paragraph from the report on the proposed Wandsworth railway, containing a fair estimate of business and profit, on which he considerably that —We are not surprised that people, who probably never saw a steam-engine or a railway, should put their trust in such pure nonsense as this; but we hardly expected that Mr. Telford, the engineer, should have lent the sanction of his name to such a calculation. Mr. Telford wishing those who would be carried at the rate of four hundred miles a day with all the ease we have stated it at occasional, but without the inconvenience of sea-sickness, or the danger of being burned or drowned."

But such old times cannot, we should say, return again the people of West such a project, and we think it fitting at the end of Congress's readers, to trust themselves to the mercy of such a monstrous going at such a rate.

Well look out Yankee Doodle against the Wabash railway, I'm my own."

When we consider that fifteen miles an hour, or three hundred and sixty miles a day, is now considered a very moderate speed, and that we have actually many imagine that the notion of the above part, and Liverpool Railroad was opened, however, in 1830, and confirmed the most sanguine hopes of its projectors, and confounded while it put to silence the many absurd objections that had been advanced against them. Travellers were found not that they could breathe and comfortably travel at the rate of forty, as of four miles an hour; the value of horses and their usefulness remained unimpaired; the canals and turnpikes did not go to ruin, but were and grass; and the value of land along the railroad was increased instead of being diminished. The consequence of which was the chartering of new roads, wherever travel or freight was at all abundant, to such an extent, that, in the year ending June 30, 1846, there were in England alone, 2,000 miles of railway in full operation, and 8,000 miles more, the value of which is estimated at £160,000 sterling!

We disagree with Mr. Cobb, on this point—we think he would, under most circumstances, and under all circumstances, would be a rather foolish one on the part of a parent. Although, of course, it would be better than "drumming or whipping."

Other extracts from Mr. Cobb's book, that we have seen, however, please us very well. For instance, the following:

Children are naturally inquisitive. This should, in every reasonable and suitable manner, be encouraged by all parents and teachers. Never "shut your tongue," and the "children should be seen and not heard" maxim, of education, are barbarous terms. Such a course will cause a child to become dull and stupid, peevish, unsociable and unamiable.

We agree with this, with the qualification that children should also be taught that all places and times are not equally proper for their inquisitiveness. There is but little satisfaction in visiting some person, because they carry out Mr. Cobb's principle to the extent of letting their children be heard as well as seen. "Children should be seen and not heard" as all such occasions. It is ludicrous and disgusting to hear a little mite join in the conversation of men and women, and give its little opinion, or impart its valuable little information. We would teach rather use a rod than allow them to.

Here is another extract, the spirit of which we entirely agree with. Oil will make such little sentiments as his liable, however, to misconstruction to this day, how we always hated to be commanded to go and do a thing, when a pleasant request that we would do it, would have been complied with cheerfully and with alacrity. Let parents, and all exercising authority, remember the great difference between the terms of command and request. Let parents exist where they are not "Will you please go and bring some water, John?" But to Mr. Cobb's anecdote:

A young lady of my acquaintance, who has charge of one of the departments in a boys' school in a neighboring village, told me that a boy came to the school one morning with her son, about twelve years of age, who "had been surprised from every other boy in the school, and that he had been guilty of another bad conduct." The mother said to her, that she was very bad indeed, and that she had whipped him and whipped him, but it does no good at all. She thought he must be a bad boy, and had better be whipped again. The young lady, immediately after the mother left, called the boy to her, got a boy to hold and affectionate manner (she was a cheerful and lovely young lady), "Now, Johnny, I want you to go to Mr ——'s, a ——— street, and take a note for me, and get me a number of sweet cakes for portance to me. I wish you to go and return as soon as you can without an injury to yourself and bring me the change." The boy looked at the young lady, "caned his head, [which, up to that time, had been hanging down,] and said that he would go, and, judging from the time he was absent, and the time his appearance when he returned, he must have run all the way there and back. I complimented him," said the young lady, "on the prompt new expressed fears that he had injured himself in consequence of running so fast, and thanked him for his kindness in going for me; with all of which he seemed highly pleased. I then gave him a watch and told him, very seriously, that several days, requested him to do errands for me; and," she concluded, "I have not had a bad boy in the school since." Could those Carlos were, during the eighteen months which he attended my academy. The boy had in most probably, never received any encouragement to do well before.

WOMEN AND MANNERS.

Women, more than men, are judged by their manners in those who address them, than a want of sense.

What do our lady readers say to the above, which is going the rounds of the press? We cut it out with some interest. Well, well, well, we do not know that we can, conscientiously, with the raillery of several fair damsels in our mind, upon whom we have looked with favor, as a matter, at a party we attended not many months ago.

In fact, we are rather inclined to think that the manners of our lady readers, generally, are the true or a very large class of young ladies; especially at a ball or party. At such places, men of sense, in the higher walks of life, are frequently found their diminished hosts; while light-footed, self-possessed, empty-pated fellows shine out in all their glory. Well, well, well, it is not for us to say we place in the world where fools might shine.

And yet this preference so often shown by women, especially young men, for those possessing none, ever sense without manners, perhaps lies at the foundation of much of that ill-conceived contempt we evince for many of the sex in every part of the world. For, unfortunately for the ladies, in such cases, the man of sense gives tone to the opinions of society, and the fool is only a contemptible object of amusement in the barber's saloon, and with the tailors, but dwindle into nothingness when they approach any one with a grain of sense and thought.

Not, however, that we would deprecate the study of manners, or array sense and manners as necessarily antagonistical. By no means. In fact, we believe that none but a man of sense can acquire manners, and that the latter are only valuable in so far as the high polish which denotes the solidity and valuable qualities of the substance that will take it. The one is not the gold, but the gilding; and we wear a diamond a polish. And it is in this way alone, that we can justly womankind for their preference of manners over sense. They look not for the right, in so far that truly polished manners can never exist where there are not generously, magnanimity, keen insight into men and motives, and true courtesy. They are wrong, and not to be defended, in so far as they mistake mere outside manners, for the thirteenth of last month—though it was expected he would move towards Mexico in the course of one or two weeks. The probability is that he will meet with a determined resistance, as Santa Anna is represented to have from thirty to forty thousand troops under his command, and ample time has been given him to erect fortifications in all suitable places. Mr. Kendall, of the N. O. Picayune, who is now at Perote, says that a Mexican who enjoys the singular reputation of being honest, told him that he left the city of Mexico about the 26th ult., and that the Mexicans were hurrying to Rio Frio, where they had about one thousand soldiers and three pieces of artillery, while the passes of the many absurd objections that had been advanced against them. Travellers were found not that they could breathe and comfortably travel at the rate of forty, as of four miles an hour; the value of horses and their usefulness remained unimpaired; the canals and turnpikes did not go to ruin, but were

GENERAL SCOTT.

We have now had a secret liking for General Scott, derived most probably from our strongest feelings of the History of the last War with England, in our school days. And therefore it is, we suppose, that we always feel disposed to consider General Scott in error anything not very wise or politic. For instance, we kept a studious silence upon that "country plate of corn" recommended by the universal fun that it seemed to afford to the press, "without distinction of party." But the General has been a little rash in the case of that which we do not exactly like, which has in some way got into the papers. It seems that he was recently applied to for the discharge of a soldier who had enlisted in the regular army, the grounds of the application being that the man had, since his enlistment, become his father's support. The old give all his time tranking the money direct to us, will hereinforward have to be inserted to.

Miss Quarters or the Army.

My Dear Sir.—

I have received the two letters, (one from the Rev. Mr. ——, and the other signed by Mr. Van Horn Buckley,) within that a person signing himself Henry B. Weld, was in that vicinity recently, obtaining subscribers for the Post. He wisely avoided calling upon the Post Master, but went to others, saying he had been advised to call upon them by him. We have no agent of the name of Henry B. Weld—no one has been authorized to collect of agents, at the head of our third page. Those agents not only cheat the community out of considerable sums, but do us at the same time a deal of injury.

THIS WEEK'S PAPER.

We think Flora May's poem, "My Sister," is quite pretty and touching—what do our readers think?

"Sowing in Tears and Reaping in Joy," is one of those pieces which bear upon them the unmistakable stamp of Mr. Arthur's mind. It is calculated, we think, not only to interest, but to do good. We advise our young lady readers, especially, to peruse it.

"The Dumb Bride of Rosenthal," we imagine, for the Romantic class of our readers—we like to read romantic tales, ourselves, occasionally; especially when they turn out well, as this one does.

As for the selections generally, in this week's paper—the Scene in a Gambling House, the Temperance System, the account of Sergeant Canning, with pictures, the poetry, &c., &c., we trust they are O. K.—which means, according to our interpretation, all logical.

CURIOSITIES OF OPPOSITION.

We have been amused and instructed in reading an article under the above head, in Chambers's Edinburgh Journal, showing how hasty mankind are to throw aside old ways of doing things, and the unpopularity and ridicule with which even the most important improvements have been received. The improvements particularly treated of in the article alluded to, are those which relate to travelling and the transportation of merchandise. First it is curious to see how the managers of old roads opposed the making of those of a better character, how these latter, when made, opposed the establishment of run steamboats and make canals, and then finally how canals, steamboats and common roads opposed railways. The illustrations of course are drawn from English history, but they are none the less interesting on this account.

We are told in the first place, that in 1760, the farmers and waiters attempted to break down the banks of the river Lea, which had then been made navigable for a short distance, because their business of land carriage, could not compare with the water carriage. Then, nearly a century after, when the enormous number of six stage coaches had been put upon the road, and turnpikes began to come into use, various pamphlets were written upon the evils which would necessarily result from this great facility of conveyance. The county gentlemen feared that the easiness of getting to London, would be fatal to the domestic habits of their wives; the innkeepers urged that the rapidity of travelling, which this excessive competition had stimulated, would be fatal to their interests, by preventing travellers from stopping so often as formerly to eat and lodge on the road; while the farmers near London declared that their markets would be ruined by allowing a greater distance being able to come in with their produce. All these claims and many others opposed the new roads, and Parliament was besieged with petitions, praying that these new fangled schemes might be put down by law. Such was the opposition that turnpikes and rapid stage coach travelling had to encounter.

Then steam came more into notice—and the progenitors of stage coaches and turnpikes, began to groan. When steamboats were first started in Glasgow, the most preposterous story the report originated Parliament on the subject; showing that their occupation was on the point of being ruined. But Parliament did not feel free to put down the steamboats, and in a short time it was found that the increased travel made business enough for both modes of conveyance. Besides, there was a number of old, envious individuals, who could never be persuaded into one of these "risky, tea kettle things"—and the learning of a ballet occasionally was a god-send to the stage coaches, while the assertion of a coach every day would not have helped up the steamboats a penny, for the old fellow never used to that.

Then railroads were proposed—and the proposal was received with a perfect storm of opposition and ridicule by the steamboats, and their allies the canals. The turnpikes and stage coaches also joined in the hue and cry—they were ruined, they said, they thought, if this new scheme succeeded. The canals declared it was a violation of "vested rights"—it was contended that the formation of a railway would be destructive to all private property along the line, and moreover the value of the adjacent country, a million of horses would be thrown out of service, to the entire deterioration of the land, and the abandonment of 1,000,000 acres of land (calculated to be now) required to grow oats for them. But, notwithstanding all this opposition—these canals, steamboats, turnpike roads, and stage and stable keep, the Manchester and Liverpool Company obtained a charter in 1826. Still the opposition did not cease. The decision of the company to adopt locomotive engines was ridiculed in every quarter. Travellers were writing to demonstrate the danger of travelling faster than nine or ten miles an hour, and it was advised that Parliament should restrict the speed to that rate; while some pamphleteers suggested that at a speed of forty miles an hour, there would be great difficulty in breathing. To give an idea of the absurd arguments of even educated journals on the subject, the following is quoted from the "Quarterly Review," of 1824:

"As to those persons," says the reviewer, "who speculate on making railways general throughout the kingdom, and suppressing all the canals, all the stages, mail and stage-coaches, packhorses, and, in short, every other conveyance by land and by water, we deem them not their visionary schemes unworthy of notice. The gross exaggerations of the property of the locomotive steam-engine, as to speed in plain English, the steam carriage may do three for a time, but not to the annihilation of those concerned. The writer then quotes a paragraph from the report on the proposed Wandsworth railway, containing a fair estimate of business and profit, on which he considerably that —We are not surprised that people, who probably never saw a steam-engine or a railway, should put their trust in such pure nonsense as this; but we hardly expected that Mr. Telford, the engineer, should have lent the sanction of his name to such a calculation. Mr. Telford wishing those who would be carried at the rate of four hundred miles a day with all the ease we have stated it at occasional, but without the inconvenience of sea-sickness, or the danger of being burned or drowned."

But such old times cannot, we should say, return again the people of West such a project, and we think it fitting at the end of Congress's readers, to trust themselves to the mercy of such a monstrous going at such a rate.

Well look out Yankee Doodle against the Wabash railway, I'm my own."

When we consider that fifteen miles an hour, or three hundred and sixty miles a day, is now considered a very moderate speed, and that we have actually many imagine that the notion of the above part, and Liverpool Railroad was opened, however, in 1830, and confirmed the most sanguine hopes of its projectors, and confounded while it put to silence the many absurd objections that had been advanced against them. Travellers were found not that they could breathe and comfortably travel at the rate of forty, as of four miles an hour; the value of horses and their usefulness remained unimpaired; the canals and turnpikes did not go to ruin, but were and grass; and the value of land along the railroad was increased instead of being diminished. The consequence of which was the chartering of new roads, wherever travel or freight was at all abundant, to such an extent, that, in the year ending June 30, 1846, there were in England alone, 2,000 miles of railway in full operation, and 8,000 miles more, the value of which is estimated at £160,000 sterling!

We disagree with Mr. Cobb, on this point—we think he would, under most circumstances, and under all circumstances, would be a rather foolish one on the part of a parent. Although, of course, it would be better than "drumming or whipping."

Other extracts from Mr. Cobb's book, that we have seen, however, please us very well. For instance, the following:

Children are naturally inquisitive. This should, in every reasonable and suitable manner, be encouraged by all parents and teachers. Never "shut your tongue," and the "children should be seen and not heard" maxim, of education, are barbarous terms. Such a course will cause a child to become dull and stupid, peevish, unsociable and unamiable.

We agree with this, with the qualification that children should also be taught that all places and times are not equally proper for their inquisitiveness. There is but little satisfaction in visiting some person, because they carry out Mr. Cobb's principle to the extent of letting their children be heard as well as seen. "Children should be seen and not heard" as all such occasions. It is ludicrous and disgusting to hear a little mite join in the conversation of men and women, and give its little opinion, or impart its valuable little information. We would teach rather use a rod than allow them to.

Here is another extract, the spirit of which we entirely agree with. Oil will make such little sentiments as his liable, however, to misconstruction to this day, how we always hated to be commanded to go and do a thing, when a pleasant request that we would do it, would have been complied with cheerfully and with alacrity. Let parents, and all exercising authority, remember the great difference between the terms of command and request. Let parents exist where they are not "Will you please go and bring some water, John?" But to Mr. Cobb's anecdote:

A young lady of my acquaintance, who has charge of one of the departments in a boys' school in a neighboring village, told me that a boy came to the school one morning with her son, about twelve years of age, who "had been surprised from every other boy in the school, and that he had been guilty of another bad conduct." The mother said to her, that she was very bad indeed, and that she had whipped him and whipped him, but it does no good at all. She thought he must be a bad boy, and had better be whipped again. The young lady, immediately after the mother left, called the boy to her, got a boy to hold and affectionate manner (she was a cheerful and lovely young lady), "Now, Johnny, I want you to go to Mr ——'s, a ——— street, and take a note for me, and get me a number of sweet cakes for portance to me. I wish you to go and return as soon as you can without an injury to yourself and bring me the change." The boy looked at the young lady, "caned his head, [which, up to that time, had been hanging down,] and said that he would go, and, judging from the time he was absent, and the time his appearance when he returned, he must have run all the way there and back. I complimented him," said the young lady, "on the prompt new expressed fears that he had injured himself in consequence of running so fast, and thanked him for his kindness in going for me; with all of which he seemed highly pleased. I then gave him a watch and told him, very seriously, that several days, requested him to do errands for me; and," she concluded, "I have not had a bad boy in the school since." Could those Carlos were, during the eighteen months which he attended my academy. The boy had in most probably, never received any encouragement to do well before.

WOMEN AND MANNERS.

Women, more than men, are judged by their manners in those who address them, than a want of sense.

What do our lady readers say to the above, which is going the rounds of the press? We cut it out with some interest. Well, well, well, we do not know that we can, conscientiously, with the raillery of several fair damsels in our mind, upon whom we have looked with favor, as a matter, at a party we attended not many months ago.

In fact, we are rather inclined to think that the manners of our lady readers, generally, are the true or a very large class of young ladies; especially at a ball or party. At such places, men of sense, in the higher walks of life, are frequently found their diminished hosts; while light-footed, self-possessed, empty-pated fellows shine out in all their glory. Well, well, well, it is not for us to say we place in the world where fools might shine.

And yet this preference so often shown by women, especially young men, for those possessing none, ever sense without manners, perhaps lies at the foundation of much of that ill-conceived contempt we evince for many of the sex in every part of the world. For, unfortunately for the ladies, in such cases, the man of sense gives tone to the opinions of society, and the fool is only a contemptible object of amusement in the barber's saloon, and with the tailors, but dwindle into nothingness when they approach any one with a grain of sense and thought.

Not, however, that we would deprecate the study of manners, or array sense and manners as necessarily antagonistical. By no means. In fact, we believe that none but a man of sense can acquire manners, and that the latter are only valuable in so far as the high polish which denotes the solidity and valuable qualities of the substance that will take it. The one is not the gold, but the gilding; and we wear a diamond a polish. And it is in this way alone, that we can justly womankind for their preference of manners over sense. They look not for the right, in so far that truly polished manners can never exist where there are not generously, magnanimity, keen insight into men and motives, and true courtesy. They are wrong, and not to be defended, in so far as they mistake mere outside manners, for the thirteenth of last month—though it was expected he would move towards Mexico in the course of one or two weeks. The probability is that he will meet with a determined resistance, as Santa Anna is represented to have from thirty to forty thousand troops under his command, and ample time has been given him to erect fortifications in all suitable places. Mr. Kendall, of the N. O. Picayune, who is now at Perote, says that a Mexican who enjoys the singular reputation of being honest, told him that he left the city of Mexico about the 26th ult., and that the Mexicans were hurrying to Rio Frio, where they had about one thousand soldiers and three pieces of artillery, while the passes of the many

United States SATURDAY POST.

TRAVELLING AGENTS.

Mr. C. W. JAMES, at Harrison street, Cincinnati, Ohio, is our Agent for Ohio, Indiana, Michigan, Illinois, Missouri, Iowa, and Wisconsin; assisted by *James R. Smith, T. Gardner Smith, J. T. Dent, E. Y. Jennings, and Frederick J. Hawes.*

JOHN NIMMO, Canada, East and West.

Mr. ISRAEL E. JAMES is our Travelling Agent for the Southern and South-Western States assisted by *Jas. K. Whipple, William H. Weld, O. H. P. Stem, John B Weld, Theodore F. Blake, T B Waterman, Reuben A. Henry, John Collins, James Deering, Isaac D Guyer and John W. Wightman,* the two last named in place of R. B. Henry, deceased.

Mr. HENRY M. LEWIS is our Travelling Agent for Alabama and Tennessee.

THOMAS SEVERN is our Travelling Agent for New York.

WILLIAM A. PIERCE collects for us in Penna.

CHAS. B. ROWLEY will receive subscribers and subscriptions for this paper in the State of Ohio

MORTIMER T. WEBB, do do. do. for New York State.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

May be obtained weekly at the Periodical Depot of *REDDING & Co., No. 8 State Street, Boston*
Of ROBINSON & JONES, No. 109 Main Street, Cincinnati
Of MILTON BOULEMET Mobile Alabama.
Of J. C MORGAN New Orleans La.
Of GEO. W NOBLE Louisville Ky.
Of M. P. MORSE Pittsburg Pa
Of W. TAYLOR & Co Baltimore Md.
Of SAFFORD & PARK Norwich Connecticut.

Subscriptions will be received at either of the above mentioned Depots.

General News.

LETTER FROM C. M. CLAY.

Cassius M. Clay has written a letter relative to the capture of Majors Gaines and Borland's party, to the editor of the N. O. Picayune, justifying their surrender. The high spirit of Clay evidently chafes under the forced inaction to which the course of events has doomed him:—

CITY OF MEXICO, July 15 1847.

To the Editors of the Picayune—I have till now refrained from making anything public, touching our capture. The probability that it might become the subject of legal investigation, seemed to me to be a sufficient reason among others for silence.

But since the *merits* of our surrender have become the topic of discussion, any farther deference to personal delicacy becomes criminal injustice to those who have a right to claim of me, their immediate commander, whatever protection my humble ability can afford them. I therefore merge the imputation of egotism and self-elation in the higher necessity of discharging a duty to the living who do not, and to the dead, who cannot speak for themselves.

If the failure of our superior officers to exchange us after three successful battles, and the capture of many prisoners of war, is necessary to the public service requiring the soldier never to surrender, but in all cases to lay down his life, without regard to the inequality of numbers or the resulting good of the sacrifice, then without a murmur I submit to the sentence. But if this policy becomes not general, and is not deemed usual and necessary in war, then on the part of myself and my brave companions in arms, some of whom have gone from the loathsome prisons of Mexico where praise nor blame can ever reach them, I protest against it, as a condemnation without a trial, and a penalty without a crime!

You term the surrender at Encarnacion an "honorable capitulation." It is so. The mass of mankind judge of things by their *apparent* success or failure. With them victory is glory, and defeat disgrace. But with enlightened minds it is better to deserve success than to win it. Yet paradoxical as it may seem, I say that the expedition to Encarnacion not only deserved but achieved success

Lieut Col Field, Surgeon Roberts, and Major Gaines will remember that on the night preceding the adventure, it was urged that the reconnoitering party should consist of a large body with artillery sufficient to hold the enemy in check till the arrival of reinforcements, or strong enough to retreat with its face to the foe. Or else it should be a small body whose loss would not be materially felt by the army, a part of whom we might calculate from the superior speed of the horses, and better address of the men, would return with the tidings of the enemy's position and force. The last alternative we were compelled to adopt, and the result was as foretold. We found the enemy, *and sent back word of his approach.* Whether this reasoning be in accordance with military science or no, and how far the success of the glorious battle of Buena Vista was owing to this timely warning, I leave abler strategists than I to determine.

But why anticipate capture? The country through which we had to pass was a grass covered plain, shut in by mountains, where there was no growth of wood to conceal us. We were compelled to go to fixed and well known places for water, surrounded by rancheros who were ever ready and not slow in giving timely notice of our approach. The night before reaching Encarnacion, we had resolved, according to the Spartan maxim, continually to change our camp to avoid surprise, and to move, if necessary, twice a night to prevent the peasantry's knowing our whereabouts. That we camped two nights successively in Encarnacion, the cause in part of our capture was rather the result of fortune, than design on our part. For we had, on the 22d advanced ten miles in the direction of Saltillo, intending to attack two hundred men whom we learned were stationed there but night, storm and darkness, coming on, we were compelled, having no guide, to return against the protest of some and our previous rule of action, to Encarnacion The idea of putting out picket guards in a plain of twenty miles diameter, intersected by roads in all directions, is absurd And had a picket guard given an alarm in the night, the result would have been the same, for we would not have left our cattle till morning, till we saw the enemy, and knew their force.

Seventy-one men and officers all told, held Gen. Minon and three thousand regular and veteran troops, as numbered by himself at bay from dawn till noon of the 23d day of January Without half as many rounds of shot as there were opposing foes, without water, without provisions, one hundred and ten miles from camp without the remotest *probability* of reinforcement, we unanimously determined to *exact* "the most honorable terms of capitulation known to nations," or sell our lives like men who held the faith that honor is the only necessity.

Holding a Mexican chief of equal rank with our commandant as a hostage, Major Gaines and Gen. Minon concluded the following terms of capitulation:

First The most honorable treatment as prisoners of war known to nations

Second Private property to be strictly respected.

Third Our Mexican guide to receive a fair trial in the civil courts

When we remember that Taylor fought at Buena Vista at a liberal computation *one to four* and had his hands full—and that we stood less than *one* to *forty two* of the enemy, under their most gallant chief, I hazard the assertion that in the history of the Mexican war there will have been no exhibition of nobler gallantry than was displayed at the capitulation of Encarnacion.

Accept assurances of my lasting gratitude, that you have, with Mrs Hemans, in 'The Captive Knight,' entered into a prisoner's griefs, and magnanimously vindicated our claims upon our country's justice. For all that is generally deemed remunerative in war, falls to the lot of others—but

"The worm, the canker and the grief
Are 'ours' alone."

Ever your obedient servant,
C. M. CLAY.

A CRUEL DESERTION.

We find among our latest exchanges from Cincinnati, an account of a woman who has been for several weeks past, seen walking along Water street in that city, often continuing there until late at night. Upon the approach of a steamer, she would go down to the shore, and watch the passengers as they landed, manifesting the utmost anxiety People became curious to know her object, and finally inquiry was made by watchman Suter. She had, in the "old country" saved, out of her own earnings some $1,500, and with this amount, came in company with her husband to the United States In New York, her husband, upon pretext of a southern speculation, *borrowed* $1,000 of the money, and sent his wife on to Cincinnati with a promise to meet her there, after having performed his business in the south. The poor woman's condition, among strangers, was lonely, and she shunned society—her heart being fixed upon a single object—her husband. Weeks and months passed away, and he did not return. From early dawn to the late hours of evening, she had watched at the shore as above stated, and she at last became a wreck in mind and body. Her reason has been dethroned—overwhelmed by the one thought and desire.

LE VERRIER.

A correspondent of the London morning Chronicle thus describes the outward appearance of this eminent foreigner:—

"Presently arrived another gentleman whose advent occasioned some interest. On the arm of the powerful looking old Bishop of Norwich appeared a fresh colored young man, dressed somewhat *a la Francaise*—to wit, narrow coat collar, full skirts, and trowsers slightly plaited at the waist You would not take this young gentleman for a profound mathematician and astronomer; on the contrary, he appears just one of the lions you would expect to find playing a match at billiards in a gilded *cafe*, on the Boulevards, or, with deference be it spoken, clasping the waist of '*la reine Pomare*,' at the Chateau Rouge Irreverent suppositions! Honor to science; there goes M. Le Verrier, the discoverer of the new planet—the owner, if priority of claim gives ownership, to all the lands, titles and domains of 'Neptune.'"

DISINFECTING FLUID.

The Liverpool Times says that a report on Mr Ledoyen's "Disinfecting Fluid," by Dr. Southwood Smith, R. D. Grainger, and Joseph Toynbee, Esqrs. has just been presented to Parliament. According to M. Ledoyen's statement, the fluid disinfects night-soil, not destroying, but increasing vegetation, more particularly as regards agriculture, completely preventing the disease in potatoes, when the land is manured with disinfected night-soil. It disinfects hospital wards of miasma, also cellars, water-closets, and buildings infected by impure gases. It disinfects sailors suffering from fever on board of vessels; it will also disinfect ships at sea and under quarantine. It disinfects patients suffering with infectious disorders and wounds, also dead bodies, so that they may be kept neatly a month; also different parts of the body can be kept for the purpose of dissection, for Coroner's inquests, &c.

AMERICANS IN RUSSIA.

St. Petersburg letters of June 19th, mention that Messrs. Harrison, Winans & Eastwick, were proceeding successfully with their contract to furnish the Imperial Railroad from St. Petersburg to Moscow—under the superintendence of our countryman, Major Whistler. Their factory, covering several acres, is at Alexandrosky, near St. Petersburg. They have finished in the storehouses, 134 locomotives, and 1,200 cars. Their contract covers 300 of the former and several thousand of the latter. Six steam engines were in operation, moving the most beautiful machinery, and near 2,000 serfs were employed in the several departments—the establishment turning out five complete locomotives a month, as many cars a day—or, as one of the company expressed it, "*a mile of cars a month!*"

PASTEBOARD SHOES.

The Artisan says:—We have just examined a specimen of cheatery in shoes, of which kind we had heard, but never had supposed it fact. The shoes are of the coarse brogan kind, such as sell at retail for $1 and $1,25 cents. What is usually the sole, is, in this case, only very thin, poor leather—it may be sheepskin. The welt is very thick, coarse leather, to which both upper leather and sole are sewed or pegged; the deficiency inside is supplied by thick yellow straw pasteboard. The shoes thus appear to have very good stout soles. A very little wear carries away the thin skin of a sole, and the yellow pasteboard presents itself, and the cheatery is thus exposed too late for the purchaser We have seen all this—but we do not put it under our head of new inventions.

POST OFFICE STAMPS.

We commend to the notice of our readers the fact mentioned in the following paragraph; it may be of service to them when the use of post office stamps gets to be in vogue in the country as well as in the cities:—

"The Inquirer states that a subscriber, wishing to forward it 85 cents, odd change, on account of "subscriptions, sent eight Post Office stamps of the denomination of ten cents each, and one of five cents—and thus very ingeniously made use of Uncle Sam's Post Office contrivance as a circulating medium." This is an every day occurrence in Great Britain Small sums are invariably sent, per mail, in Post Office stamps.

AFFECTIONATE FAMILY.

The following account of an "*affectionate*" family is taken from the Baltimore papers:—

A stout, hale young man, of some twenty five years of age, came before Justice McAllister, on Saturday, and "swore his life," as it is termed against his mother His mother, quite a respectable looking and aged personage, was arrested and gave the required bail to keep the peace, and swore her life against her husband, the father of her son. He was then arrested, got his son to go his bail, and then, in turn, swore his life against his wife Such a state of animosity, existing amongst those who should be united by the warmest ties of affection is scarcely credible.

THE DEATH OF RAPP.

George Rapp, the founder of Economy, Pennsylvania, and the greatest communist of the age, is dead. He departed this life on the 9th instant, aged 92 years. He was a native of Germany, and emigrated to this country half a century ago with a band of followers, with his own peculiar religious, political and social views. His niece is heiress to his immense estate, but as celibacy is a peculiarity of their creed, the stock will of course soon run out. That is, of course, if Miss Rapp still remains constant to her father's faith.

"IMAGINATION"—WHAT IS IT?—During the present theatrical season in Buffalo, Miss Clara Ellis appeared in her piece entitled 'Imagination.' When she got about half through her performance, the people in the boxes began to stare at each other, and one person very audibly inquired, 'What the deuce do you call that? Is it a farce, comedy, melo-drama, tragedy, or what the mischief is it?' These words created general laughter, and so interrupted Miss Ellis that she came forward, laboring under great excitement, and said:—'Gentlemen, unless the respect is observed towards me which is due to a female appearing before the public, I shall be unable to proceed with my performance." Order was restored—the piece ended—curtain dropped—and the audience retired, wondering what it meant, and what it was all about.

SUFFERINGS OF THE IMMIGRANTS.—A Quebec correspondent of the Montreal Herald writes under date of the 3d instant, as follows:—"The steamship St. George has just arrived from Grosse Isle, and brings up 66 convalescent immigrants. The sickness has not abated, and the mortality is much the same, viz: between 30 and 40 per diem. Hospital all full. I learn that 200 of the passengers of the Virginius have died since her sailing, and it is said that very few of her whole number (upwards of 500) will recover." This is horrible. The sufferings and deaths in the slave ships, in the worst era of that traffic, did not exceed this

BETTING IN PARIS—A Paris letter says that the fashionable young men in town are amusing themselves with the most absurd wagers, such as asking their way of a certain number of people in a certain time; walking from one point to another blindfolded; or driving a certain distance before their opponent can fire a given number of pistol shots. This last dates from 1783, when the Duke of Orleans bet the Count de Genlis that he would go to Fontainbleau, with post-horses, and return ere the Count could prick 700,000 holes in sheets of paper with a pin. The Duke won.

EMIGRATION TO VIRGINIA.—About forty enterprising agriculturists of the vicinity of Brooklyn N. Y., who are to be joined by a party of three hundred emigrants now on their way from Bristol, England, will in a few weeks proceed to Western Virginia for the purpose of forming a settlement, to be called Brooklyn. Each has purchased a tract of land for $1.12½ per acre, and among the party are some wealthy and substantial farmers who are amply provided with means and appliances to subdue the difficulties of forest life. Their lands are situated on the banks of the Ohio river.

PENNSYLVANIA IRON.—The various contracts made in this State to furnish iron pipe for the Boston Water Works amount in all, to between seven and eight thousand tons. Messrs Merrick & Towne alone, are filling up a contract for one thousand tons of the thirty inch pipe, to form the principal main between the pond and the city. A portion of the smaller pipe is being cast at the furnaces in the interior of the State, by which means the expense of remelting the iron is avoided.

Casualties.

CAUGHT IN A TREE.

The Buffalo Advertiser says that, on the 23d of July, a Mr. John A. Johnson, of Clarence, a cooper by trade, aged about sixty-three years, went into a swamp about three fourths of a mile from home, to cut some timber for truss-hoops. He cut a tree, so that it fell lengthwise to a log and lodged against another tree. He then stepped on to the log for the purpose of cutting the tree off. On striking the second blow, the tree fell, knocked the axe out of his hands, and threw it some four or five feet, knocked him down, and caught his left leg between the log and the tree, and broke it in three places between the knee and the ankle—crushing the ankle as low as the heel of the boot would permit. He lay in this situation some time, crying for help, but none came to his assistance. At length, reaching out his hand with much difficulty, he got hold of a stick, and with that succeeded in getting his axe with a reach. With one hand he cut the tree in two, and liberated himself. He then crawled to the top of the tree, and cutting a limb for a crutch, with that and his axe he hopped nearly half a mile, when his cries brought assistance and he was carried home. Great doubts are entertained of his recovery.

The Essayist.

LATENT HEAT.

Some weeks ago we published an article, asking information upon the subject of Latent Heat, and doubting the correctness of the term. The most sensible reply as yet made upon the subject, is the following, from another correspondent of the Ledger:—

MESSRS. EDITORS—Upon reading a communication in your paper a few days since, asking for information respecting the nature of latent heat, I waited impatiently for an answer from some of your scientific readers, giving the required explanation, but in vain Having some doubt myself as to the propriety of the term latent heat, I examined attentively various authors on the subject, but although I find the term is used by them all, yet it is in so unsatisfactory a manner, as to raise doubts in my mind whether heat is ever latent. In order to give your readers some idea of what Dr. Black (who first used the term latent heat) meant, I will briefly state his original experiment. Upon suspending a lump of ice, and an equal weight of water, at 33 deg. in a room of a temperature of 40 deg. he found that the cold water took a half hour in attaining the temperature of the room, while the ice, which was of course absorbing heat with the same rapidity, took ten and a half hours, or twenty one times as long, in reaching the same temperature.

Hence we see that the ice must have received twenty one times the amount that the water did, and yet its sensible heat was the same, both being 40 deg The actual amount absorbed by the water was 70 deg., (33 deg. to 7 deg. = 40 deg.) while that received by the ice was 21 times 7 deg or 147 deg. From this beautiful experiment, Dr Black inferred that 140 deg. (147 deg.—7 deg) were rendered insensible or latent.

Again, if a pound of ice at 32 deg and an equal weight of water of the same temperature, be placed over a steady fire it will be found that by the time the ice is melted and still at 32 deg. the water will have risen to 172 deg. Here the difference, or 140 deg. has entered the ice, and disappeared or become latent.

Lastly, if a pound of ice at 32 deg., and a pound of water at 172, be mixed, the ice dissolves immediately, while the mixture is found to be no more than 32 deg In this case the water has lost 140 deg., which must have entered the ice and liquified it, becoming latent at the same time. These simple experiments, and many others of the same import, (which may easily be verified,) have been received as a satisfactory proof of the doctrine of latent heat from the time of Dr. Black down to the present day. Nevertheless, some few chemists have regarded the whole theory as unphilosophical, and have accordingly rejected the term latent heat. These latter have brought forward numerous experiments proving the unsoundness of Dr. Black's theory, a few of which I will mention.

In each of the above experiments it was shown that 140 deg. of heat was absorbed by the ice, which became in consequence, liquified, but not raised in temperature. Hence these 140 deg were said to be *latent*; that is, concealed, hidden, evincing no sign of their presence. If, however, we repeat any of these experiments, substituting equal bulks of mercury or oil for the water, a remarkable difference is observed in the results. In the first example, the mercury or oil would attain the temperature of 40 deg in a quarter of an hour nearly while the ice would require 1½ hours, or about 42 times as long, absorbing 42 times as much heat, or about 290 deg.; deducting the 7 deg. of free or sensible heat, we will find the latent heat of water to be 283 deg., or about twice as much as by the first experiment.

In fact, upon substituting other substances in place of the water or mercury, always retaining the ice, the amount of heat absorbed by this latter, in liquifying, will appear different for every substance used.

To render this anomaly more obvious, let equal bulks of mercury and water, at the same temperature, be subjected to the same sort of heat, it will be found that the water will require twice the length of time in reaching a given temperature that the mercury does; of course it would absorb twice the amount of heat, and consequently, if the doctrine of latent heat be correct, half that quality must be *latent*; and yet an entirely different result will appear, upon trial with other bodies in place of the mercury.

If we should endeavor to avoid the conclusion, which these experiments seem to force upon us, by supposing that whenever heat enters into a body, it divides itself into two distinct parts, free and latent, we are met by the objection that this cannot be the case, for upon cooling, the whole heat which was absorbed by the body is given off again, and of course it must have *all* been free. It is these discrepancies and contradictions which raise doubts, in my mind at least, concerning the truth of the generally received doctrine of latent heat, and although I have examined many works upon the subject, I have not met with but two authors who have attempted to explain away the difficulties which beset this perplexing question. The authors alluded to are Dr Irvine and Dr. F Bache, of this city

Items of News.

ELOPEMENT.—The Cincinnati Atlas, of a recent date, says, "A young married woman, who with her husband has boarded for some time at a boarding house in this city, started for parts unknown yesterday, in company with a young man of Louisville, a Mr J. S——. Her husband, not aware of her being at all unhappy or discontented, is overwhelmed with grief at her unexpected and distressing conduct in thus deserting him. The young man with whom she has eloped, was, it is said, before her marriage, a suitor for her hand."

A NOVEL SPECULATION.—There is no end to the phases which the spirit of speculation will assume The last we have seen mentioned, is that of a man by the name of A. J. Smith, in Newark, Ohio, who has bought up the whole receipts of a circus company during their stay in that town, for $700, from which he expects to realize a handsome amount He takes the money himself at the door, and advertises the performance.

A FREE TRANSLATION.—There is a German, now living on Fell's Point, Baltimore, whose patronymic, whilst in his native land, was Strouen, the literal meaning of which is brilliant or shining Finding his original name rather an ungracious appellation, as pronounced by his American friends, he had it translated into English, and he is now known by the very striking title of Mr. Swarien.

PUNISHMENT ON THE STOCK EXCHANGE.—The London Board of Brokers punish defaulting members by the suspension of a black board in a conspicuous part of the house, on which their names are chalked at full length. This is the very heaviest disgrace which any member can possibly experience, and it inevitably excludes him from the society of honorable and respectable individuals

A TREASURE IN A TEA KETTLE.—The clerk of a hardware store in Cincinnati, put one hundred and fifty dollars in a tea kettle for safe keeping, and while he was out of the way the master of the shop sold the kettle for seventy-five cents, not suspecting the treasure it contained. The customer was so well satisfied with his bargain that he has not been seen at the same store since.

STONE ROPE.—A rope, nearly three miles long, now lies at Gateshead, England, which was the other day a stone in the bowels of the earth! Smelted, the stone yielded iron The iron was converted into wire. The wire was brought to the rope-walk manufactory near Gateshead, and there twisted into a line 4,660 yards long. It is the stoutest rope of the kind ever made.

THE ROTHSCHILDS.—The Government has made arrangements with the Messrs Rothschilds to furnish money in Mexico for the expenses of the army, &c., and receive payment in New York. This measure will have a tendency to prevent a disarrangement of the money market, which might arise from the export of large sums in coin from our Atlantic cities into Mexico.

GREAT MISTAKE.—The post-hole diggers for the telegraph made a great mistake the other day When they came to the forks of the road below Dayton, instead of taking the great Miami turnpike as was intended, they took the Lebanon pike, and dug the holes for three or four miles before they discovered their mistake.

WOUNDED HONOR.—At St. Louis, on the 4th inst., a stop was put to the proceedings of a duel between two colored men, by binding one of the parties over in bonds of six hundred dollars to keep the peace, and answer for the offence. The "correspondence" on the occasion is said to be uncommonly diverting.

TRADING UP OLD TARES.—The grocers of New Orleans have held a meeting, at which, measures were adopted to effect the abolition of the present system of tare by a per centage, and establish in its stead, that of the actual tare on all articles sold in that market, the same as in Europe and the Northern States

HEAVY DAMAGES.—A writ was issued in New York, on Friday week, at the suit of Edward Fox the father of Mary Fox, against Martin Hare, the individual who seduced Mary. The damages laid in the case are $30,000, and the court held Hare to bail in the sum of $5,000.

ATTEMPT TO REDUCE WAGES.—The cotton factories in Allegany City have all stopped operations, in consequence of the proprietors attempting to cut down the wages of the operatives. The reason given for the reduction is the fall in yarns.

CONVICTED.—The burglars who stole Mrs. Sigourney's gold watch, pencil case and other jewelry, at the President's visit, worth $150, have been tried at Hartford and convicted. They are two young men, and are part of a set of four or five who professed to belong to the President's company, who doubtless committed many robberies in the progress of his visit in New England.

CURIOUS CARGO.—The Boston Journal says:—"The brig Cocheco, which cleared to-day for Demerara, has, among other articles of cargo, three hundred boxes of whortle-berries, and a quantity of peas, beets, cabbages, currants, carrots, lobsters, oysters, &c."

NO CANDIDATE.—It is stated in the Clay County Tribune, that Col. Doniphan, in his late speech at Independence, declared that he had not been a candidate for a political office in seven years, and would not be for the next *seventy years!*

SELLING WHITE MEN.—There is a large business doing at present in St. Louis, in the sale of white vagrants. On the 3d inst., James Todd and Bill Red, alias Williams, were sentenced to be sold for six months.

DEAD.—David Ames, Esq., the celebrated paper manufacturer, died at Springfield, Mass., on Friday of last week, at the advanced age of 87. He was the first to introduce modern improvements into his mills.

YANKEE GREEKS.—Maltese papers recently stated that "a Greek vessel, having on board a guillotine, was making the tour of the Islands, stopping wherever there were criminals to be executed."

THE POTATO ROT.—We regret to learn from the Vineyard Gazette that the potato rot has shown itself at Martha's Vineyard during the past week, and fears are entertained for the safety of the crop

THE LICENSE LAW.—The constitutionality of the law licensing the sale of liquors is to be tested in Chester by a tavern keeper, who was convicted last week of having violated it.

THROWN OPEN.—The tower of Trinity Church, New York, is now thrown open to visitors every day in the week, in which public services are not held in the church.

The Crops.

THE HARVESTS OF THE WEST.

One of the editors of the Buffalo Courier, who has recently made a journey through the States of Ohio and Indiana, along the route of the Wabash and Erie Canal, thus gives the result of his personal observations of the condition of the crops and harvest in that region.

It affords us pleasure to be able to say, that so far as our notice and information extended, there is every reason to believe that the amount of grain to come forward will be even larger than last year. The wheat has, of course, been already harvested, and unless an excess of wet weather has in a few sections prevented it from being housed in good order, the grain has come in of a superior quality and with a fair average yield. The thinness of the straw, before the full heading out of the plants, gave little promise of more than half a crop in many parts, but the plumpness of the berry and the unusual length of the heads, has amply compensated for the sparseness of the stalk

Indeed, most of the grain harvested will weigh 62 to 66 pounds to the bushel, and consequently make much more flour than last year's growth, which ranged from 50 to 60 pounds. The same number of bushels, therefore, of good heavy wheat, will command in price from ten to twenty per cent more than the light grain

On farms owned from timbered lands, wheat seems to be a surer crop than on the prairies, or "openings" or "barrens" This has especially proved to be the case this year In Indiana we have known of many extensive wheat fields on the prairies and barrens, that were ploughed up this spring, so unpromising did they look, and spring crops put in But, although numerous, these failures have been insufficient to affect the general average.

Rumors of deficiency in the wheat crops of Illinois, Wisconsin and Iowa, were rife at the west in the spring, but, though we did not pass into those States, we have been assured by those who did, that the spring wheat, which is extensively sown there, was coming in remarkably well and would make up for short comings of the regular crop The spring wheat enters largely into the consumption of those portions of the west where it is raised, leaving the more merchantable commodity for shipping to the Eastern market.

The red chaff wheat is principally raised in the States of Ohio, Indiana and Illinois and the white in Michigan and Wisconsin. The former is said to make the most bread to the bushel, but the white is certainly the more preferable for shipment—selling more readily and a shade higher. There are other minor varieties to be found at the west, but the great bulk of production is, and will continue to be, of these old, regular "stand by" kinds. Some fancy farmers have experimented there, as elsewhere, with various new fangled foreign species as the Italian, the Egyptian, the Asiatic, and from the Baltic and the Black Sea, but, somehow, they do not take with the mass of producers. At least we do not hear of the arrival of such grains in notable quantities.

There will be "any quantity" of oats, throughout the west, as, although uncut, when we left, the yield promised to be the most abundant. We have never seen them look finer, and they will turn out 40 to 50 bushels to the acre, which is very fair for western farming

Potatoes, so far as dug for table use, exhibit a healthy appearance, and are much better in yield and condition than last year. Though not a staple of great importance, they are very decidedly missed when they come up missing.

The prospects of the corn crop, too, are much better than the prevalence of cool weather in June gave reason to hope for. The low temperature and frequent showers that then proved so favorable to the healthy growth of the wheat, were by no means so congenial to corn; but the subsequent hot weather of July has worked wonders with that essential crop and we have never seen it in better color, or generally in more thrifty condition. The favorable result is not a whit less important to the west than the safe harvesting of the wheat; for the value of the one is as great to her as the other—notwithstanding we have all our agricultural prices based on that of wheat alone Indeed, of the two, the corn produce is the more indispensable to the west, as it enters so largely into the domestic consumption of the country. Take away the corn, and the western farmer has lost his under-pinning entirely. His hogs, his stock, and his whole household are at once placed in the vocative

Varieties.

THE RHUBARB PLANT.

The fourteenth number of Braithwaite's Retrospect of Practical Medicine and Surgery, contains an article on this subject which is calculated to alarm those who indulge in the pies and tarts made of this palatable plant. It seems that it furnishes the material of one of the most painful and dangerous of diseases to which the human system is subject, viz: Gravel.

The substance of the article is briefly this:—The young stalks of rhubarb contain oxalic acid, and hard water contains lime; and consequently those who eat articles of food made of the plant, and drink such water, are introducing into their system the constituent ingredients of the mulberry calculus, which is an oxalate of lime; and if they are dyspeptic, and unable to digest the acid, "are very likely indeed to incur the pain and the exceeding peril of a renal concretion of that kind." "The oxalate was found in three out of four after eating the rhubarb."

This, it must be admitted, is rather startling. The mulberry calculus is the most painful form of the concretion of the kidneys and bladder. The rhubarb plant has come into extensive use, and is generally considered a very wholesome article of diet. If the danger of using it is as great as is represented in the Retrospect, it should be universally known. Indeed, there would seem to be reason to infer that the danger is not confined to those who use limestone water, for the acid will probably combine with other bases as well as with lime. The presence of oxalic acid in the plant, perceptible to the taste, would lead one to conclude, *a priori*, that the ascribed effect would result from its use whenever it is not decomposed by the stomach, which seems to be the case in the greater proportion of instances; and the experiments leave little room to doubt its agency in the production of oxalate gravel in the urine.—*Correspondent of the Albany Cultivator.*

DR EMMONS ON PREACHING.—A young man having preached for the Doctor one day, was anxious to get a word of applause for his labor of love. The grave Doctor, however, did not introduce the subject, and the young brother was obliged to bait the hook for him. "I hope, sir, I did not weary your people by the *length* of my sermon to day." "No, sir, not at all; nor by the *depth* either."—*Norfolk Dem.*

SHREWD.—A schoolmaster in Cornwall, advertising his establishment, says:—"Every boarder must be supplied with a Bible and a Prayer Book, a knife and fork, three towels, and a silver dessert-spoon; all of which, except the books, *become the proprietor's perquisites on the pupil's quitting the school.*"

Clippings.

☞ It is proper for all to remember that they ought not to raise expectations which it is not in their power to satisfy, and that it is more pleasing to see smoke brightening into flame than flame sinking into smoke.

☞ A correspondent at St. Petersburg says:—I finish this letter by daylight, and yet it is after 10 o'clock P. M. The sun does not set here, at present, until 9½ P M

☞ The captain of the Fromer's steamship Philadelphia, has had a verdict for five hundred dollars damages against him for whipping one of his seamen.

☞ The Rev. C. B Parsons (late an actor on the stage) will hereafter act as pastor of the Methodist Episcopal Church South in Cincinnati.

☞ It is said that a bowl containing two quarts of water, set in an oven when baking, will prevent pies, cakes, bread, &c., from being scorched.

☞ The new locomotive, John C. Calhoun, ran three miles on the Charleston railroad in two minutes and fifty seconds.

☞ The Boston Post announces the formation of a "Society for the prevention of cruelty to Piano Fortes."

☞ The Boston Post calls the new Custom House in that city, a "dome-crowned columnal pile." Ahem!

☞ The Mobile Herald announces the appearance of three or four cases of yellow fever in that city.

☞ Glass pens are now manufactured in England; they are represented to do good service.

☞ Hope is like a rock in a hot climate—the shadow is worth more than the substance.

☞ There are sixteen churches in Columbus, Ohio, to a population of less than 10,000.

☞ The Literary World styles Gen. Taylor the "Man of Duty in an age of Self."

☞ The Saratoga Whig states that there are six thousand visitors at the Springs.

☞ He that shows his passion tells his enemy where he may hit him.

The Markets.

PHILADELPHIA MARKETS.

SATURDAY AFTERNOON, August 14, 1847.

FLOUR AND MEAL—The limited stock and small supplies have tended to maintain prices this week, in face of but small demand, and we have only to note the sales of near 6000 barrels superfine Flour for shipment including some parcels to be ground, at $6 for good Pennsylvania and $5.75a5,87½ for Western, which we quote as the current rates to day. Sales of Sour Flour at $5a5.12½ per bbl Rye Flour has been dull at $3 37½ a 3,50, and Corn Meal at $3,25a3,75 for Pennsylvania, and $3 50a3 75 for Brandywine, with smaller sales.

GRAIN—The supplies continue limited, and with a fair demand, prices of Wheat are well supported Sales of about 5000 bushels Pennsylvania having been made at $1 2?a1.30 for fair to prime rede; $1 28a1,28 for mixed; $ 35 for white, and 2000 bushels Southern at $1,24 per bushel Rye—Small sales of Pennsylvania at 73a75c. Corn has been dull, and prices declined early in the week, sales having been made at 70a72c for good yellow Since, owing to the scarcity, prices have been firmer, and sales made at 74a75c per bushel Oats early in the week at 51a56 for North River and Southern, and since, 3 00 bushels prime old Northern at 51a52 cts per bushel.

PROVISIONS—The market generally continues quiet for all kinds of Western Pork is dull at $ 5,50a16 per bbl for Mess, and $13 50a14 for Prime, with small sales Beef is worth $12 50a 3 per bbl. Bacon sells slowly at 9a11½ for Hams, and prime covered do at 11½a12c; 9a 9½ for Sides and 7a7½c for Shoulders. Butter is scarce. with small sales at 11a17c. Lard is also scarce and in request; 2 0 bbls No. 2 sold at 9½a9½c. Cheese sells slowly at 8a8½c.

ASHES—The supply of Western Pots continue very limited, and prices are nominal for want of stocks in which to operate

BARK—Quercitron is nominal at $32 per ton for first quality No. 1, and in proportion for other grades About 100 cords Chesnut and Spanish Oak Bark have changed hands at $9 50a10, and $11a13 per cord

BREAD—A moderate business has been doing this week at former rates.

BEESWAX—Demand limited at 26a27c, with small sales

CANDLES—Sperm are steady at 30a32c, with small sales.

COAL—The supply of Anthracite is only moderate, and considerable quantities are going forward to supply previous contracts. Prices are steady, with the addition of ten cents extra freight charged by the Reading Railroad Company for the month of August, a similar amount for July, making 30 cts advance on the opening rates of last spring A further sale of Allegheny Bituminous at 2½ 1c.

COFFEE—Has been in some demand, but the light stocks prevent any large sales. A cut 1000 bags Rio and Laguayra at 7a7½ and 600 Maracaibo at 6½a7½c, on the usual credit, and 500 Government Java price not made public, are the only sales of which we are advised this week

COPPER—A sale of 800 sheets new Sheathing at 23½ cts 6 mos

COTTON—The active demand noticed in our two previous reviews, has continued during the present week, and prices are well maintained The sales, which include parcels for export, home use, and on speculation, comprise 4 5 Upland 150 Mobile, 80 Florida and 381 New Orleans and Tennessee making nearly 1000 bales, have been at prices within our range:

	Upland.	New Orleans.
Middling,	11½a11¾	12 a12¼
Good Middling,	11 a12¼	12¾a12¾
Middling Fair,	12¾a12½	12¾a13
Fair,	12½a12½	13½a13¾

DOMESTIC GOODS—Business is gradually increasing and a fair amount of goods is going forward The stocks of American Fabrics are yet light, but the assortment is varied, and many new patterns have been opened.

FISH—Mackerel sell slowly at former rates.

FEATHERS—We note sales of 6a7000 lbs Western at 28a31c per lb as in quality.

FRUIT—Small sales of Malaga Raisins at $1,75a1 80 per box—some Sicily Oranges and Lemons received coastwise at $4,50a4 75, and 500 bushels African Ground Nuts, from second hand, at $1,75 cash.

GINSENG—Is dull, and the stock accumulating.

GUANO—Small sales at $ 0a45 per ton.

HEMP—Prices have further advanced. We note sales of about 300 bales Western at $1,40a1 45 per ton for good Dew Rotted; now held at $150, and Hackled at $175a180 per ton

HIDES—The sale of Rio Grande noted last week, was at 1?½, on time

IRON—No material variation has occurred either in price or demand this week.

LATHS—About 100,000 Eastern sold at $1,62½a1,56 per M.

LEAD—Fully 20,000 pigs Western have arrived this week the greater part of which was previously disposed of—about 3000 pigs sold in lots at $4,94a4 per 100 lbs, cash

LUMBER—Demand moderate, with sales of White and Yellow Pine Boards at $14a17 per M. The quantity shipped from the Lehigh region this season has been as follows:

	Feet.
This week,	536 492
Previously this season,	13,848,759
Total,	14,385,251

MOLASSES—There has been an increased demand, and we note the sales of 600 hhds tcs and bbls Havana, Cardenas and Matanzas at 20 cts for sour and 20a26 for sweet, 150 hhds Trinidad at about 27c; and 300 Porto Rico at 28a30c, all on the usual credit.

NAVAL STORES Prices are steady, and we have only to note the sales of 800 bbls Rosin at 75a$1,50; for common and No. 2 per bbl In Pitch no change. Tar is scarce—small parcels sold at $4,50 per bbl Spirits of Turpentine has sold freely at 40a41c.

OILS—Linseed is steady at 69a71c in hhds and bbls. Sperm is a shade higher—sales of Winter strained at $1.20a1.25 per gallon; Whale sells freely at 36a37c.

PLASTER—Sold at $2,25 early in the week, and since at $2.20a2.12½ per ton.

SALT—Sales of 800 sacks Liverpool Ground at $1,05, and over 6000 bush in Turks Island at about 34c.

SEEDS—There is very little inquiry at present, and we quote the nominal rate at $4.45a4,75 for ordinary to prime Cloverseed. Flaxseed is worth $1,40a1,45 per bushel.

SALTPETRE—A sale of 300 bags E. I. Crude at 6½ cts, 6 mos.

SUGARS—There has been more doing this week, and we note the sales of fully 800 hhds Porto Rico and Cuba Muscovado at 6½a7½c; 600 bbls and bags white Brazil at 8¼ and 500 white and brown Havana at 7½a9½c. An invoice of 350 bbls and bags Laguayra has been taken for refining.

TOBACCO—Stock of Leaf light, and prices well supported. Sales of 80 hhds Kentucky at 3a7½ cents as in quality

TALLOW—Is scarce, and firmly held at 8½a9c.

TEAS—Only a moderate business has been doing this week, at steady rates.

WINES—Sales small, at previous prices.

WOOL—The supplies from the interior are on the increase, and with a fair demand. Prices are well sustained. About 200,000 lbs, various grades, sold at prices ranging from 26 to 4?c.

FREIGHTS—We continue to quote the rates to Liverpool at 3s 6d per bbl for Flour, and 11a12d per bushel for Grain Of Bark and Cotton there is but little going forward

COAL FREIGHTS—Vessels are somewhat more plenty, and our quotations Eastward are now $2,14½ to Boston and Salem; $2,45 to Portsmouth; $1,70 to Providence, and the same to Troy and Albany; $1,50 to New London, and $1,12½ to New York.—*Bost. Reporter.*

SALES OF STOCKS.

90 shares	Reading R. R.	33a3?
200 do.	Wilmington R. R.	31
100 do.	United States Bank,	4¼
75 do.	Allegheny Cop.	10¼a10½
75 do.	Morris Canal,	17¼
20 do.	Camden & Amboy R. R. Co	145
15 do.	Philadelphia Bank	149
12 do.	Northern Bank of Kentucky,	110
9 do.	Union Bank, Tenn.	54
6 do.	Far. and Mec. Bank,	57
$2000	U. S. 6's 1867,	104¼a104½
$1000	U. S. Treas Notes,	103¼
$3	U. States Bank Notes,	9?
$200	City 5's, 1871,	95½
$1000	Reading 6's	70½
$1???	U. S. 6's, 1867,	104¼a104½
$1000	Penna 5's, 85,	79
$3500	U. S. old Treas Notes,	103½

CATTLE MARKETS.

Philadelphia, Aug 16—The offerings of Beef Cattle for the week consisted of about 1600 head—of these 700 were sold on Thursday, and 221 to day. Beeves sold at prices ranging from $5,50 to 7 per 100 lbs. Cows—Offerings for the week, 200 head, of which 160 found buyers. Sales made at from $7 to 14 for Dry, $12 to 25 for Springers, and $15 to 30 for Milch Cows. Hogs—About 350 offered, and sold at from $6 to 7,25. Sheep are selling at from $1 to 3

Baltimore, Aug. 13.—Beef Cattle—Offered 390 head all of which were sold at prices ranging from $2 40 to 3,50 per 100 lbs on the hoof, being equal to $4,80 to 6,75 nett, and averaging about $2,92 per 100 lbs gross. The above prices show a slight improvement. Hogs—Sales are making at $6 00a6,50 per 100 lbs.

Richmond Aug 12—For cattle from the scales, gross weight $2,50a4 00; nett $5,00a6.00 according to quality. Sheep—$1,00a2,50 Hogs—Live $6 50a7.

NEW YORK MARKETS, August 14.

ASHES were steady. Moderate sales of Pots were made at $6, and of Pearls at $8,25, at which the market was firm.

BEESWAX—Sale of 1000 lbs Northern yellow were made at 26c.

BREADSTUFFS—Flour—Sales of 1500 bbls Genesee were made at $5 87½; 800 do Michigan $5,75; 300 do round hoop Ohio sold at $5. The same price was offered for 1000 bbls do. flat hoop, in good order, and refused—300 bbls extra Zanesville, ground, before alluded to, sold at $6,25. Wheat—No sales transpired, while prices remained about the same.

CORN—Sales of 5000 bushels good Western mixed were made at 75c, deliverable in all this month; 5000 do do sold at the same price; 2 cargoes in all about 4 to 5000 do including another lot of 3000 bushels, all Western mixed sold at 73c. About 2000 do. handsome Ohio round yellow, sold at 80c, and small lots flat yellow, including some parcels of ordinary round do sold at 78c. Meal was inactive, without change in price. Rye—Sales of 1600 bushels were made about at 85c, and 1500 do, in store were purported sold at 84c. Oats—In consequence of some purchases being made on government account, they became firmer, and prices at the close were 48a50c, the latter figure being asked, without being obtained. Barley—The last sales reported were made at 53a55c.

PROVISIONS—The extreme range of quotations for mess Pork was $1 .37a15 37½, and for prime $ 2 ?5a12 37½. Beef continued steady at previous rates. Lard—Sales of 220 bbls were made at 10c. Butter—Sales of 25 packages were made including fair to good Ohio at 11a13, and New York State do at 13a15c. Cheese steady at about 6a7½c. Sales to a fair extent were being made chiefly for home use.

BALTIMORE TOBACCO MARKET.

The Baltimore Patriot says:—"There is no new feature in the Tobacco market. Sales of yellow Ohio have been made at same as last week $4a7 and good and prime lots of both Maryland and Ohio go off as fast as inspected at fair prices. Very little demand for inferior to none, none looked for any selling below $3. We do not change the quotation of last week as follows, viz: Maryland $2 to 3 for inferior and common; $3a7 50 for good common; $5a8 for good; $9a 9 for fine and better qualities; Ohio common $3 25a3 50; good common $3 75a3; reds $4a8; fine wrappery red $ 5a?; spangled $4a8; yellow $9a13. The inspections are 1028 hhds, including 1?9 Maryland, 7?9 Ohio, and 19 Virginia."

OUR MAIL RECEIPTS.

Receipts for the Saturday Evening Post from the 9th to the 14th August.

August 9. received from			
I. Rhodes	$1 25	A C Gooshine	4 00
H Main	3 00	T Fitzemary	3 00
A. Harrow	1 00	G B Ampson	27 00
[illegible] M. Huyunga	3 00	H D [illegible] Poll	2 00
Hoot & Kennedy	2 00	A M Wadlow	2 00
L. H Buzeck	3 00	C G [illegible]ason	2 00
L Bayna	2 00	Mrs L. J. Taylor	2 00
J. Rovha	2 00	R S A hine	2 00
A A I gram	10 00	A D Simons	5 00
H [illegible] & Co.	5 00	G Tyler	2 00
J. O all	1 00	W. O. Wool	2 00
J. Rowley	3 00	N. R. Ramson	3 00
E. T. Elliott	3 00		
August 10.			
W K Moser	2 00	B S Sanders	2 00
N. Jarrett	3 00	Mrs T. N Riddle	2 00
R. W Higgins	3 00	A G Roth	3 00
S. Boyd	2 00	[illegible] Gourlay	2 00
J. John	6 00	A L Thornburg	2 00
[illegible] C Murdoch	3 00	P W. Wilt	5 00
C. C Henderson	10 00	D N Schuman	2 00
W. Garton	4 00	D P Harper	2 00
J. L. Marston	3 00	N T. Henry	2 00
K N Jordan	2 00		
August 11.			
Miss M J Cooper	2 00	Miss C. P Lott	2 00
N Anderson	5 00	R R Shepherd	2 00
J Leonard	2 00	P N Culbertson	2 00
W A Shaunce	8 00	B D. McNelly	2 00
G. W. Turner	2 00	R A A [illegible]	3 00
C T. Richards	20 00	Dr. W D Cloley	2 00
W N Morley	10 00	G F Nettle	2 00
N. N. West	2 00	W D Taylor	2 00
Mrs. S. W. Bell	2 00	W P Francis	2 00
August 12.			
Mrs M. S. Turner	2 00	C L Oakley	2 00
O. Lynch, Esq.	2 00	W P Norton	2 00
W. H Weld	30 00	R D Beckett	2 00
J. T Hull	1 50	A. M. Manley	2 00
J. A David	1 50	G K Lester	2 00
R. Updegraff	2 00	R M. Ruhl	2 00
T. Hughlett	1 50	Mrs. N. T. Terrill	2 00
Mis. L V. Tully	2 00	D. W. Morgan	5 00
N. W. Newlin	20 00		
August 13.			
T. G. West	1 00	A K Wymer	20 00
S Horrest	3 00	O. D Lake	2 00
J. L. Chambers	2 00	W S Morton	2 00
D Mosher	1 00	P L Ware	2 00
G. W. Hyatt	3 00	Miss C. G. Kerr	9 00
K. Leslie	6 00	W B. Belton	10 00
Wise & Thomas	5 00	Mrs M. C Parsons	2 00
Miss J. Potts	2 00	Dr N. M. Scott	2 00
R J. Haldeman	3 00	W. W. Rush	2 00
August 14.			
L. L. Burrow & Co.	9 75	A. L. Horne	2 00
Motley	2 00	W B Estman	2 00
Q. C Oaley	2 00	Miss C. Lewis	2 00
J. A Smith	2 00	A G [illegible]	2 00
S. L Powers	5 00	G. P Snapp	3 00
J. H Singhiser	6 25	Dr. A R Brown	2 00
A. B & D Sands	34 25	N. G Charlton	4 00
W. S Baird	2 00	R P Wolles	2 00
J. Herr	4 00	B N Norvell	2 00
Mrs. B. A. Doyle	2 00		

JAYNE'S EXPECTORANT always cures Asthma,—two or three large doses will cure the Croup or Hives of children in from fifteen minutes to one hour's time It immediately subdues the violence of whooping cough, and effects a speedy cure Hundreds who have been given up by their physicians as incurable, with Consumption, Spitting of Blood, and other Pulmonary Affections have been restored to perfect health by it. It never fails in giving relief.

From the Spirit of the Times.
A FACT WORTH KNOWING.

A gentleman of Scrofulous habits, from indiscretion in his younger days became affected with Ulcerations of the Throat and Nose, and a disagreeable and troublesome eruption of the skin. Indeed his whole system bore the marks of being saturated with disease One hand and wrist were so much affected that he had lost the use of the hand, every part being covered with deep, painful, and offensive ulcers, and were as hollow and porous as a honey-comb It was at this stage of his complaint when death appeared inevitable from a loathsome disease, that he commenced the use of JAYNE'S ALTERATIVE and having taken sixteen bottles, is now PERFECTLY CURED

THE ALTERATIVE operates through the circulation and purifies the Blood and eradicates disease from the system, wherever located and the numerous cures it has performed in diseases of the Skin, Cancer, Scrofula, Goitre Liver Complaint, Dyspepsia, and other Chronic diseases, is truly astonishing.

FEVER AND AGUE.

CURE WARRANTED.—JAYNE'S AGUE PILLS, which may be had at No. 8 South Third street, Philadelphia are warranted to cure the worst forms of Fever and Ague The money will be refunded in all cases if they fail to cure *but they never do fail*

The medicines are for sale by Dr. D. Jayne, at No 8 South THIRD Street, Philadelphia aug 21-3t

SANDS' SARSAPARILLA

The warm sun of Spring, which infuses new life into the vegetable kingdom, is not without its effect upon our physical systems. The tide of life seems to flow faster through our veins, and if, as is some times the case, it rears with it the seeds of disease, generated by the luxurious living of Winter we shall be sure to see and feel the effects in some shape or other We therefore recommend as a preparation which may be taken with peculiar advantage at this season, that excellent anti-optic, Sands' Sarsaparilla It will prove the best preventive of the eruptions so common in the Spring months and where they have already broken out will soon remove them For all diseases of the skin, ulcers, boils, &c. it will be found a most efficient remedy.

Prepared and sold by A. B. & D SANDS, Druggists, 100 Fulton street New York

Sold also by AUGUST & DICKSON, corner of Fifth and Spruce streets, Philadelphia, and by Druggists generally, throughout the United States

Price $1 per bottle Six bottles for five dollars.

CARRIAGES! CARRIAGES! No. 299 CHESNUT Street—WILLIAM D OGLE, COACH MAKER, late of the firm of Ogle & Watson respectfully informs his friends and former patrons, that he has opened at his new Coach Factory, No. 299 CHESNUT St above Tenth, South side, where he is prepared to execute all orders in his line with punctuality and despatch and intends keeping on hand an assortment of FASHIONABLE CARRIAGES ap 17 6m

N. B.—Particular attention paid to REPAIRING

AGENTS WANTED.

AGENTS WANTED.—Local and Travelling Agents wanted in every town and county in the United States, to dispose of, and obtain subscribers to a number of useful and valuable publications For particulars, address the subscribers Be particular to write plainly your State, County, and Town, or Post Office

☞ *The postage must in all cases be paid* or the letters will not be taken from the office. ap 17 6m

Address, G. B. ZIEBER & Co., Philada. Pa

J. D. WHETHAM,

(Of the late firm of I & J D. Whetham,)

ROPE MAKER AND SHIP CHANDLER,

No 7 N Front St., and No 6 N Water St. Philada Keeps constantly on hand, *Rope of all descriptions*, of his own manufacture.

Tow Lines for Canal Boats,	Packing Yarn,
Fishing Lines,	Spun Yarn,
Seine Twine,	Carpet Warp,
Bed Cords,	Sacking Bottoms,
Manilla Rope,	Wagon Covers,
White do	Awnings, &c., made to order.
Ratline,	
Cordage,	mar 20-1y*

A GENERAL ASSORTMENT OF
SHIP CHANDLERY, TAR, PITCH, OAKUM, &c.

CHEAP LEATHER STORE, NO. 67 CHESNUT Street, between SECOND and THIRD Sts. Philadelphia. The subscriber has constantly on hand a general assortment of FINISHED LEATHERS, suitable for BOOT and SHOE MAKERS, SADDLERS, HARNESS and COACH MAKERS, BOOK BINDERS, HATTERS, &c.

Also, RED and OAK TAN SOLE LEATHER, and FRENCH CALF SKINS.

feb 10-tf ANDREW E. CHAMBERS.

ALMANAC.

August, 1847.	Sun rises	Sun sets	High water	Moon's phases
21 SATURDAY,	5 18	6 44	10 3?	
22 SUNDAY,	5 20	6 41	11 49	D. H. M.
23 MONDAY,	5 21	6 39	morn	
24 TUESDAY,	5 22	6 38	14 37	
25 WEDNESDAY,	5 23	6 37	1 34	Last 3 8 29
26 THURSDAY,	5 24	6 36	2 7	New 10 6 56
27 FRIDAY,	5 25	6 35	2 46	First 18 11 31
28 SATURDAY,	5 27	6 31	3 23	Full 26 9 30

STATE OF THE THERMOMETER.

	9 o'clock.	12 o'clock.	3 o'clock.
Aug. 8,	78	73	77
9,	75	79	80
10,	75	83	90
11,	77	86	91
12,	77	87	83
13,	77	84	80
14.	77	81	84

Married,

On the 16th inst. by the Rev Joseph H Kennard, Mr WM. A MURRAY, to Miss SARAH ANN FARRER, both of Nuttleton, Pa

On the 15th inst. by the Rev Herschel S. Porter A M Mr LEVI KIRBY, to Miss SARAH ANN HUTCHINSON all of Philadelphia

On the 11th instant, by the Rev A Attwood Miss CATHARINE F. BOUNSTAR to Mr F DOUGLASS TODD

On the 16th of May, by the Rev R Lewis Mr THEOPHILUS MURPHY, to Miss SARAH ANN THOMAS both of Philadelphia.

On the 12th inst, by the Rev A Prior WM P HOBSON, to MARY E STOUT all of Manayunk

On the 11th ult by the Rev. Joseph H Kennard, Mr JOSEPH E MIDDLETON of this city, to Miss ELIZABETH ANN PAUL eldest daughter of the late Charles W. Paul Esq of Spring Garden

On the 12th by the Rev Wm. Suddards. Mr SAMUEL WARDLE, to Miss MARGARET A LITTLE, both of this city.

At Chester on the 12th inst by the Rev. J S Nixon, Mr WM P SOUDERS, to Miss SARAH L. SMITH, all of Chester county.

On the 11th of Feb. by the Rev E. Neville, DAVID SNYDER, to Miss ANNIE S AUSTIN, both of Kensington.

On the 8th inst. by the Rev. F X Gartland, Mr MICHAEL TRACY, to Miss HARRIET HAGEY, both of Philadelphia

On the 8th inst by the Rev. John L. Grant, Mr DAVID FIELD of Spring Garden, to Miss ANNA JAY, daughter of Major Samuel Miller

On the 10th inst by Friends' Ceremony, at the residence of John A. Elkinton STOCKTON HILL EVANS, to SARAH PREBBLY, all of this city.

At Hartville, March 16th by the Rev H R. Wilson Mr WILSON McLORE, to HANNAH ANN eldest daughter of Mr John Bora formerly of Philadelphia, all of Buckingham, Bucks county

In the city of New York, on the 11th inst by the Rev J J Lyons of the Crosby Street Synagogue, MORITZ JACOB to JULIA A SPIKAR all of that city.

On the 27th ult by the Rev A D Gillette Mr JAMES CAMPBELL, to Miss MARGARET AULD, both of Philadelphia

On the 9th inst by the Rev. Mr Ogilby, Mr JAMES McREYNOLDS, to Miss LOUISA MOONEY all of this city

On the 24th of Jan by Alderman Thompson JAMES H CROSTHWAITE, to Miss ANNE C DONLEY, both of this city

On the 4th inst by the Rev Joseph H Kennard, Mr HENRY WALLS, to Miss LAVINIA WALTON both of this city.

On the 5th inst. by the same, Mr. MOSES BOWMAN, to Miss ELIZABETH MEYER both of this city.

Died,

On the 18th inst. ELIZABETH DOUNTON aged 44

On the 16th inst PATRICK QUIGLE, aged 1? years.

On the 15th inst. ANDREW TAYLOR, son of George R. and Mary Ann Greon aged 14 years

On the 1?th inst MRS ANN CASE aged 66 years

On the 16th inst Mrs. ANN SWEENEY.

On the 1?th inst GEORGE TWEED, aged 13 years.

On the 1?th inst EDWARD GEERY aged ?2 years

On the 14th inst Mr. JOHN ELY, aged 96 years.

On the 13th inst ALEXANDER HENRY, Esq aged 82

On the 14th inst EDWARD FOX aged 20 years

On the 15th inst ELIZABETH ALICE, daughter of John and Catharine A Gill

On the 14th inst Mrs. JANE H CHEVALIER aged 8?.

On the 14th inst. Mrs. CATHARINE RAFFERTY aged 5?.

On the 14th inst. MARY, daughter of Wm and Eliza beth Evenger, aged 18 years.

On the 15th inst Mr. HENRY FRANCIS Sr. one of the Dartmoor prisoners, England, aged ?0 years

On the 12th inst SARAH ELIZABETH youngest child of Jas E and Mary Peyran aged 10 months

On the 13th inst CAROLINE JULIA daughter of Davis S and Caroline I Hoyl aged 6 years

On the 14th inst SARAH K FISHER, aged 91 years.

On the 12th inst MALCOLM FLEMING aged 15 mos.

On the 13th inst ALEX AUGHINBACK aged 69 years

On the 13th inst Mr JOE THOMAS aged 45 years

On the 13th inst FLORA, youngest daughter of the late David Hull aged 5 years.

On the 12th inst JOHN KENNINGTON, aged 52 years

On the 3d inst MARTHA, daughter of John Heap aged 9 years

On the 14th inst. WM S EVANS aged 43 years.

On the 1?th inst JAMES MORGAN, aged 3? years a recruit of the U. S. army

On the 13th inst MARGARET, daughter of James and Isabella Neilson aged 4 years

On the 13th inst at Mount Airy, AMELIA VIRGINIA only daughter of Simon Snyder and Sarah A Rentter aged 8 months.

On the 1?th inst ANNA MARIA, daughter of Ephraim and Sarah E dridge, aged 9 years and 3 months

On the 1?th inst RUTH, daughter of Wm. and Eliza White, aged 5 years and 5 months

On the 11th inst. SUSANNA, youngest daughter of the late Gen John D. Goodwin, aged 21 years.

On the 11th inst THOS BROWN, aged ?2 years.

On the 1?th inst JOHN CARLTON Sailing Master U S Navy, aged 77 years

On the 11th inst BRIDGET, wife of Patrick Egan, aged ?1 years.

On the 10th inst. Mrs. ELIZA STREET aged 47 years.

On the 11th inst. WM D RILEY aged ?9 years

On the 1?th inst. MARIAN, eldest child of Edward W. and Martha A Roberts, aged 12 years.

On the 8th inst in New York, JOS. H. NEWBOLD, of this city, aged 47 years.

Bank Note List.

CORRECTED FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST BY R JOHNSTON, BROKER.
No. 24 South Third Street.
Philadelphia, August 21, 1847

PENNSYLVANIA	
Philadelphia banks	par
U. S. Bank notes	$10 dis
Girard do.	par
Chambersburg	½ dis
York	½ dis
Berks county	no sale
Gettysburg	½ dis
Carlisle	½ dis
Lewistown	par
Brownsville	½ dis
Pittsburg	½ dis
Waynesburg	1½ dis
Washington	1 dis
Erie	1½ dis
Susquehanna county	1½ dis
Lebanon	½ dis
Lehigh county bank	70
Towanda	no sale
Honesdale	1 dis
Harrisburg	½ dis
West Branch	1½ dis
Wyoming	1½ dis
Middletown	½ dis
Northampton	no sale
Schuylkill Haven	par
Pottsville	par
Relief notes	1½ dis
NEW JERSEY.	
Trenton, Mt Holly, Bridgeton, Salem, Camden, Medford	par
Plainfield	70
Newark, Newtown, Patterson, Morristown, New Brunswick, Middletown Point, Orange, Belvidere, Elizabethtown, Dover, Rahway, P'rth Amboy	½ dis
N. Hope, Del. Bridge	½ dis
Yard. Del. Bridge co.	10 dis
DELAWARE.	
All solvent banks	par
MARYLAND.	
Baltimore banks	½ dis
Mineral bank	½ dis
Salisbury	no sale
Frederick county	½ dis
Cumberland	½ dis
Washington county	½ dis
Hagerstown	½ dis
Havre de Grace	½ dis
Far and Millers bk.	no sale
DIST OF COLUMBIA.	
All solvent banks	½ dis
NEW YORK	
City banks	½ dis
Com. Bank, N. Y.	2 dis
Bank of Lyons,	2 dis
Lewis Co. Bank,	2 dis
Canal bk Lockport,	2 dis
White Plains Bk.	2 dis
Tonawanda	40 dis
Clinton county	2 dis
Com Bk Buffalo	2 dis
Com. Bk. Owego	2 dis
Owego Bank	30 dis
Millers', Clyde	15 dis
Country banks	½ dis

MAINE.	
All solvent banks	½ dis
NEW HAMPSHIRE.	
All solvent banks	½ dis
VERMONT	
Bank of St Albans	1 dis
All solvent banks	½ dis
CONNECTICUT	
All solvent banks	½ dis
MASSACHUSETTS	
All solvent banks	½ dis
RHODE ISLAND	
All solvent banks	½ dis
CANADA.	
Montreal	4 dis
VIRGINIA.	
Bk. of Va. & branch's	1½ dis
Far. Bk. and branch's	do dis
Valley Bk & branch	do dis
Ex. Bk. & branches	do dis
Wheeling	do dis
NORTH CAROLINA.	
All solvent banks	1½ dis
Small notes	1½ dis
SOUTH CAROLINA	
So. West. R. R.	1 dis
All solvent banks	1 dis
Small notes	1½ dis
GEORGIA	
Bank of St. Mary's	1½ dis
Central Bank of Mill	1½ dis
Georgia R. R. Co.	1½ dis
Ruckersville Bkg. Co.	—
All solvent banks	1 dis
Small notes	1½ dis
ALABAMA.	
Bank of Mobile	1 dis
Country Banks	3 dis
MISSISSIPPI.	
All banks	use
LOUISIANA.	
All solvent banks	1 dis
FLORIDA.	
So. Life & Trust Co.	—
OHIO.	
Com. Bk. of Scioto	15 dis
All solvent banks	1½ dis
Small Notes	2 dis
KENTUCKY	
Notes	1½ dis
Small notes	1½ dis
INDIANA	
State Bank	1½ dis
ILLINOIS.	
Bank of Illinois	60 dis
State Bank	70 dis
Bank of Cairo	—
MISSOURI	
All solvent banks	1½ dis
TENNESSEE.	
All solvent banks	2½ dis
MICHIGAN	
Bank of St. Clair	70 dis
Farmers' and Mech's	10 dis
ARKANSAS	
All banks	60 dis
WISCONSIN.	
Mineral Point	—
Bank of Milwaukie	—
IOWA.	
Miners' Bank	—

TYPE FOR SALE

ONE LARGE FOUNT OF BOURGEOIS TYPE in good condition

ONE SMALL FOUNT EACH OF MINION AND NONPAREIL TYPE Apply to the Proprietors of this paper. may 22

BOWEL COMPLAINTS, COLICS, &c
Positively cured by JAYNE'S CARMINATIVE BALSAM

Chicago, Ill., March 27, 1845

DR. D. JAYNE.—Dear Sir: You ask me what success I meet with in the efficacy of your Carminative I can safely say that I never prescribed a medicine for Bowel Complaints that has given more much satisfaction, and my patients so speedy and perfect relief as this. Whenever introduced into a family it becomes a standing remedy for those ailments, and is called for again and again, which I think a pretty good proof of its efficacy and usefulness In the *Summer Complaint* of children it has frequently appeared to snatch the little victims, as it were, from the grave "It saved the life of my child and of such and such a child," I have repeatedly heard said. In dysenteric affections of adults I have time and again seen it act like a charm, and give permanent relief in a few hours, I may say in a few minutes. In fine it is a valuable medicine, and no family should be without it Respectfully,

M. L. KNAPP, M. D

Professor of Materia Medica in the Laporte University, Indiana.

The medicines are for sale by Dr D. JAYNE, at No. 8 South THIRD Street, Philadelphia. aug 14 3t

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN, that letters of administration upon the estate of Ann Suplee late of the Township of Blockley, in the county of Philadelphia, deceased, have been granted to the undersigned by the Register of Wills &c., for the county of Philadelphia All persons having claims or demands against the estate of the said decendant are therefore hereby requested to make them known without delay and those indebted to make payment to NATHAN SUPLEE,

jy 24 6t Blockley Township, Philada. county.

Or to his attorney, ROBT S. PASCHALL.

S E corner of 3d and Walnut Sts., Philada.

PETERSON'S PERIODICAL ESTABLISHMENT is at No. 98 Chesnut street, Philadelphia, where "Graham's Magazine," "Godey's Lady's Book," The "Ladies' National Magazine," and all the "Magazines" and CHEAP PUBLICATIONS can be ordered or obtained Orders addressed, post paid, to T. B. PETERSON, *No. 98 Chesnut Street, Philadelphia*, will meet with prompt attention.

APPLETON'S VALUABLE EDUCATIONAL PUBLICATIONS.

THE ATTENTION OF TEACHERS is particularly requested to the following valuable works on Education The high character of the Authors, their great accuracy, and the already extensive adoption of them in the largest Colleges, Academies and Schools, warrant not only the high encomiums they have received, but recommend them strongly to those who are about introducing new and improved books into their institutions.

Arnold's First and Second Latin Book and Practical Grammar 75 cts, or separately 50 cts each.

Arnold's Practical Introduction to Latin Prose Composition, $1.

Ollendorff's German Grammar, edited by Prof Adler, $1 50

Ollendorff's French Grammar, edited by J. L. Jewett, $1

Key to the Exercises in Ollendorff's German and French Grammars 75 cts each.

Reid's new English Dictionary 12mo, $1.

Surenne's Pronouncing French Dictionary, 12mo, $1 50

Taylor's Manual of Ancient and Modern History, $2,25; sheep $2 75. Ancient separately, $1,25; Modern $1 50.

Guizot's General History of Civilization in Europe, edited by Prof Henry, $1.

Dr Arnold's Lectures on Modern History, edited by Prof. Reed, $1 25.

History of Germany from the earliest period to the present time, by Prof Kohlrausch. 8vo, $1 50

Warner's Rudimental Lessons in Music, 50 cts.

Keightley's Mythology of Ancient Greece and Italy, 44 cts

Catalogues gratis School Books furnished at the lowest prices. GEORGE S APPLETON,

Publisher Bookseller and Stationer,

1t 148 Chesnut street, between 6th and 7th.

JAYNE'S AGUE PILLS

A SPEEDY AND PERMANENT CURE FOR FEVER & AGUE, INTERMITTENT FEVER, &c.

IN recommending these Pills to the public, the proprietor does not wish to make any unnecessary or tedious perambulation, but with a few directions and a few important remarks, he will leave the medicine to speak for itself, feeling confident that its merits are such as will not fail to bring it into general use; indeed he is so confident of the efficacy of these Pills he does not hesitate to guarantee a cure in the most aggravated cases.

By following the directions closely while taking this preparation its superiority over the ordinary Tonic mixtures Pills &c., &c., will be readily discovered.

Being purely vegetable, free from all foreign deleterious or mineral preparations, these Pills may be taken with the utmost safety under almost any circumstances. They strengthen the stomach, invigorate the system and entirely prevent that languor and prostration of strength which always attends this disease

They also possess a decided superiority over Quinine, Prussiate of Iron Arsenic, Boracet, and the numerous other preparations usually employed in the cure of FEVER AND AGUE, in being gently Aperient, by this means carrying themselves off through the natural outlets of the bowels after they have spent their medicinal powers in the stomach, thus preventing the accumulation of those unpleasant symptoms that almost universally follow the application of the aforesaid medicines, which constringe the bowels, produce congestion of the Liver, and remain in the system to breed diseases more dangerous than those they are employed to subvert

Hence it is that those remedies in the majority of instances only serve to suppress the disease for a short period, while the disease still in the system is breeding new evils, and soon develops itself in a more danger us form than that at first; thus the necessity of a medicine possessing the qualities of Dr JAYNE'S AGUE PILLS, that can be applied without the fear of experiencing those evil effects before alluded to, and with a full confidence of receiving a speedy and radical cure of the disease.

These Pills are put up in vials containing from 18 to 30 Pills, and being thus excluded from the air never deteriorate or undergo any change and if used according to the directions, are an INFALLIBLE REMEDY for Fever and Ague Intermittent and Remittent Fevers &c.

The medicines are for sale by Dr D. Jayne, at No. 8 South THIRD Street Philadelphia aug 7-3t

DR. ROBY'S BRAZILIAN

HAIR CURLING LIQUID

THIS ELIGANT PREPARATION has been tested by many in this city to their entire satisfaction. It curls the hair beautifully reveiling it in the greatest perfection and is warranted not to injure it in the least A single trial will convince the most incredulous that it is unsurpassed

No lady's toilet should be without it if she values "*The flowing ringlet and the witching curl*"

Its use dispenses with the heated irons which do injure the hair by crisping and burning it

The numerous references we are authorized to give to those who desire it prove it to be all the proprietor claims for it

BEWARE OF IMITATIONS.—The popularity and demand for this article has led certain persons to prepare and impose upon the public spurious articles pretending that they are genuine The hair may be injured but not benefited by these worthless imitations. The original and genuine article is prepared only by

STORRS & CO, DRUGGISTS,

No. 21 NORTH SIXTH STREET PHILADELPHIA.

And none are genuine without the written signature of GEO. F. STORRS on the outside wrapper, to counterfeit which is forgery.

Ask for ROBY'S BRAZILIAN HAIR CURLING LIQUID and take none other Price 37½ cents

All applications for agencies, &c., must be addressed as above june 26 3m

DR SWAYNE'S GREAT DISCOVERY SINCE THE DISCOVERY OF DOCTOR SWAYNE'S VALUABLE MEDICINE

Thousands have been Restored to perfect Health who but for its use would now be in the silent grave!!

THE GREAT REMEDY FOR
CONSUMPTION,

Coughs, Colds, Asthma, Bronchitis, Liver Complaint, Spitting Blood, Difficulty of Breathing, Pain in the Side and Breast, Palpitation of the Heart Influenza, Croup, Broken Constitution, Sore Throat, Nervous Debility, and all diseases of the Throat, Breast and Lungs, the most effectual and speedy cure ever known for any of the above diseases, is

DR. SWAYNE'S COMPOUND SYRUP OF WILD CHERRY

ANOTHER LIVING WITNESS.—Read with astonishment the wonderful cure performed by Dr Swayne's Compound Syrup of WILD CHERRY:—

PHILADELPHIA, Jan 25, 1847.

Dr Swayne—Dear Sir: In justice to yourself and a duty I owe to suffering humanity, I cheerfully give my testimony, and declare to the world the most astonishing effects, and the great cure your Compound Syrup of Wild Cherry performed on me, under the most unfavorable circumstances I was taken with a violent Cough, Spitting of Blood, severe Pains in the Side and Breast, which seemed to break down and enfeeble my constitution, so that my physician thought my case beyond the power of medicine, and my friends all gave me up to die; but thanks to you, and the effects of your great discovery, I now feel myself a well man, and raised from a mere skeleton to as fleshy and healthy a man as I have been for years and shall be pleased to give any information respecting my case, by calling at my residence, Mechanic street, third door below George street, Northern Liberties. JACOB PAINTER

Certificates such as the above are now daily received from all quarters of the globe.

TESTIMONY IS NOW RECEIVED FROM ALL QUARTERS OF THE GLOBE.

The following letter is presented with a view of more fully showing the opinions of physicians, in relation to the Medical value of Doctor SWAYNE'S COMPOUND SYRUP OF WILD CHERRY

DR. SWAYNE—Dear Sir: Having used your Compound Syrup of Wild Cherry extensively in my practice, I was requested by your Agent, Dr Crutcher, to express my opinion in writing, of its properties as a remedial agent, I most cheerfully comply as I feel by so doing, I will discharge a debt I owe the community at large, and physicians in particular As much as I detest Quack medicines and Patent Nostrums. I was induced from a failure of the most potent expectorants, recommended in our materia medica in some cases of DISEASED LUNGS to try your Preparation of Prunus Virginiana or WILD CHERRY. It is sufficient to say that I was so much pleased with the result of that, and subsequent trials that I now prescribe it in preference to *all other Remedies* where an expectorant is indicated. In the much dreaded Pneumonia or Disease of the Lungs, in the alarming form in which it appears in Kentucky, I regard it as an invaluable Remedy in the treatment of that disease To all who know me I have said enough, but as this may be seen by persons out of the vicinity of Frankfort, I will briefly add, that I have been engaged in an active practice of my profession of 14 years, and am a Regular Graduate of Transylvania, and this is the first Patent Medicine I ever thought enough of to express an opinion in writing.

J. H. ELLISON, M. D.

January 7th, 1847. Franklin County Ky

Frankfort Ky., Jan. 7th 1847.

The above certificate is from one of our physicians living a few miles from here, he is doing a very good practice, and is considered a good physician, and stands fair; he is, as he says, a regular graduate.

DR. W. L. CRUTCHER,
Druggist and Apothecary.

☞ Since the introduction of my article to the public, there have a number of unprincipled individuals got up nostrums, which they assert contain WILD CHERRY, some are called "BALSAMS," "BITTERS," and even SYRUP OF WILD CHERRY, but mine is the original and only genuine preparation ever introduced to the public, which can be proved by the public Records of the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania. The only safeguard against imposition is to see that my signature is on each bottle

june 5-3m DR H SWAYNE

Corner of Eighth and Race sts., Philadelphia.

Also, for sale Wholesale and Retail by Hendley, Phelps & Co., 142 Water street New York, J P Clark, 75 Baltimore street, Baltimore Md.; Ogden & Snowden, Pittsburg, Pa; Dr E Easterly & Co., St Louis Mo.; S B Hinman, Cincinnati Ohio, And'w Oliver & Co., New Orleans; Dubose & Co Mobile; J P Hail & Co, Boston; Denig & Son, Columbus, S F Urquhart Toronto, Canada, and by dealers in medicine generally throughout the United States Dr H SWAYNE Philadelphia, Inventor and sole Proprietor of the genuine

☞ PLEASE TO READ THIS ☜

A GOOD CHANCE TO CLEAR FROM $500 TO $1000 A YEAR

AGENTS WANTED IN EVERY TOWN AND COUNTY THROUGHOUT THE UNION, to procure Subscribers to "SEARS' PICTORIAL AND ILLUSTRATED FAMILY MAGAZINE" and to SEARS' NEW AND POPULAR PICTORIAL WORKS, universally acknowledged to be the BEST and CHEAPEST EVER PUBLISHED, as they certainly are the most saleable. Any active agent may clear $500 or $1000 a-year. A cash capital of at least $25 or $50 will be necessary. Full particulars of the principles and profits of the Agency will be given on application, either personally or by letter. The postage must in all cases be paid. Please to address,

ROBERT SEARS, Publisher,
No. 128 Nassau street, New York.

☞ Specimen copies of the PICTORIAL MAGAZINE, to procure subscribers with, will be furnished to all who wish to engage in its circulation, if requested, (post paid,) at the rate of Two Nos. for One Dollar, or Ten Cents for single copies. dec 19-tf

THE UNITED STATES SATURDAY POST may be obtained, weekly, at REDDING & CO'S Periodical Depot, No 8 STATE STREET BOSTON W. H. GRAHAM, Tribune Office NEW YORK of MILTON BOULEMET MOBILE ALABAMA

Selected Poetry.

FROM WESTERN'S OFFICIAL.

THE PORT TO HIS WIFE.

BY BARRY CORNWALL.

Mary, with thee here a shower,
All about our cascades rains,
When the world lay in the sun,
And the pool, we thought, was wine;
When the clouds (if clouds there were)
Lent themselves in vapor only
When the fruit and bloom of youth
Thrived, a radiance o'er and truth,
And in sy with its deh ray
Shadows that have flown away?
Ah! this May, with storm and flower,
Bringeth back our sensibly hours!

Hearken, then, unto my rhyme,
Friend and partner for all time!
Dost thou not remember—then,
On whose grassy summer bower
Gentle Time doth gently rest
A purple sunshine,
Time does not remember when
All the roses of all years
Eddys, Arab, Ould, and Turner,
(From long to shore, from priest to martyr)—
Equal amount, had equal right
In the great Taskmaster's sight?
That then not unmeaning, still we dream,
With blue tides of height and fairy—
Orient Isles—dispersed mosses—
Mimosa and the—and—portentous—
Sound, under their barbaric splendor,
'To give forth some mortal tender,—
As night frowns at night dissolves
Perfume sweeter than the roses!
Ah! the May, with showers and flowers,
Will bring back those courtship hours!

Hearken then, unto my rhyme,
Friend and partner for all time!
Dost thou not remember—then,
On whose grassy summer bower
Gentle Time doth gently rest
A purple sunshine,
Time does not remember when
All the roses of all years
Eddys, Arab, Ould, and Turner,
(From long to shore, from priest to martyr)—
Equal amount, had equal right
In the great Taskmaster's sight?
That then not unmeaning, still we dream,
With blue tides of height and fairy—
Orient Isles—dispersed mosses—
Mimosa and the—and—portentous—
Sound, under their barbaric splendor,
'To give forth some mortal tender,—
As night frowns at night dissolves
Perfume sweeter than the roses!
Ah! the May, with showers and flowers,
Will bring back those courtship hours!

Humorous Story.

THE TENNESSEE SQUIRE OF THE OLDEN TIME.

FROM THE SPIRIT OF THE TIMES.

There flourished for many years in a certain village in the good state of Tennessee, an eccentric old fellow who rejoiced in the name of Peter Isard; and for eleven years he filled the important office, known in various parts of the Union as Magistrate, Alderman, or Justice of the Peace. Whether so restricted by law, or whether it was owing to the little business he had, could given to his neighborhood, we know not; but it is a fixed fact, that there was never a case before him of greater value than $10, and that case is now presumed to be public. During the long term of his official career, 'Squire Isard was equally celebrated for his inflexible integrity, and his singular manners. Yet, strange to say, he held office only by the so-called fickle *suffrage*, for it was an elective office. But he kept all the liquor, and was the only man who could write in the town. In those halcyon days newspapers and common Schools were unknown. His honesty was also proverbial: millions could not have tempted him to have wronged his bitterest enemy of a dime, or to have decided a case with common politeness. And, on the whole, he was popular, for as that the decision was just and upright, what mattered the uncouth phrase in which it was couched? The shell was rough and bitter, but the kernel sweet as it. We will now give an example of 'Squire Isard's mode of proceeding.

A gentleman by the name of McMurrus, of the place, was riding through C——, where the horse case a shoe. For replacing it, the blacksmith, whose name was Enos Bibb, charged the cool sum of an eagle—or rather two sovereigns. Naturally indignant, our traveller refused to pay such an exorbitant demand, and while he was cooling his bile and his stomach at the "General Jackson"—the tavern (or cancellous) of the town, he was arrested at the suit of the son of Vulcan. There being no other resource, Mr. M. was conducted to the 'squire Isard's office, face of the law.

It should have been mentioned, that 'Squire Isard not only filled the office of Justice, but he was the tavern keeper besides. The sign that swung before his door, displayed on a blue ground a figure supposed to resemble a human being. A very large red face was depicted, surrounded by a white halo, and surmounted by a chapeau, with three waving plumes. To this was appended a blue coated body, with very diminutive legs attired in large jack boots and intensely yellow pantaloons. One hand flourished a sword, the other rested on a cannon spectatorously belching forth very red flame, very blue smoke, and a ball like a black wafer, plainly visible. The artist had commenced at the head, and being cramped for room on he finished, like another Procrustes, he accommodated the rest of the picture to suit circumstances. That of art was supposed to bear a striking personal resemblance to the Hero of New Orleans. The other side bore the legend "Entertainment for Man and Beast, by P. Isard." Before to proceed.

After being introduced into the august presence of the Magistrate and the charge stated, the following dialogue occurred.

"Well, sir, what's your name?"

"McMurrus, sir."

"Humph, Mr. Murrus, no other name?"

"John McMurrus, sir."

"No, Mr. Currus—no slate?"

"Of course, I have not, sir—I've no need of none."

"Where do you live, Mr. Carrion?"

"My name ain't Carrion—I told you it is Mr. Murrus."

"Well, Mr. Murtus, did you make any bargain for shoeing your horse?"

"No, sir."

"Um, Mr. Burton, you acted sir—excuse the like a fool."

"I didn't come here to be insulted, sir—and no man shall talk to me," cried poor Mac.

"I know you did not, *Mr. Fulton*—keep silence sir, or I'll fine you. You acted, sir,—don't contradict me—like a perfect fool," and for this he a warrant sir, never to trust such a scoundrel as Enos Bibb (the smith) further than you can swing a tail by his tail. You, sir, (to the plaintiff,) I must pay—you thank. You'd steal the coppers on your dead mother's eyes, you poor scoundrel as Bibb. The sentence of this court is, that you Enos Bibb, shall have two dimes for your work, which is all it's worth, and if you ever another word I'll knock you down. Clare this court."

Fully satisfied with the verdict, and highly annoyed with his adversary, Mac went on his way rejoicing.

This condescending of nature was a favorite hobby of the 'Squire's and under the guise of a joke he set the one occasion when he was summoned as a witness before a State Court, one of the lawyers undertook to pay him off in the same coin. When the 'Squire took the witness stand, the following colloquy occurred:

"What is your name, sir?"

"Peter Isard."

"How old are you, Mr. Lizard?"

"My name is Isard—not Lizard."

"I beg your pardon, Mr Garnard—but I am a little hard of hearing this morning."

"Isard, sir—Isard!"

"Ah, I understand! Well, Mr Bozzard, how old are you?"

"Now look a here, Mister, that's not my name, and I won't answer."

"You won't answer my questions, Mr. Tittle? We'll see about that! Now, sir, what's your age, Mr. Illinois?"

The witness maintained a dogged silence.

"Perhaps he had better spell his name to you, brother ——," said the Court, closing with laughter.

"Eye," cried the witness—"and sir-ac-dee!"

"Well, your honor, I called that name all along —Wooard!"

"Any fool might know it spells *Isard*!" shouted Peter.

"May it please the Court," interposed the Attorney, throwing himself up with an air of wounded dignity, "either this witness Meeslus must be removed, or I shall withdraw from the bar."

"Go to —, you rascal," bellowed the infuriated Peter.

"Sheriff! take charge of the witness!" cried the Court, stifling for a moment its wrath—for the only other focus in the assemblage were those of the lawyer and the prisoner.

"You be —," hurled out 'Squire Isard, "you and the Court, too! you lousy old vagabonds!"

"A mittimus to the jail for three days and $50 fine," cried the Court.

Here the Sheriff came up to Peter to carry him off.

"What's my name, Tom?" called the 'Squire, as he was led out.

"Peter Isard!" was the prompt response.

"You're a trump, by the holy poker. Come, let's liquor!"

The following day, the 'Squire was pardoned, and his fine remitted, but never afterwards did he venture to use the weapon that had been so effectually turned against himself.

Selected Articles.

A SERMON ON PREACHING

BY REV. ORVILLE DEWEY, D. D.

We have room only for the following extracts from the beautiful and impressive discourse of Dr. Dewey, to his people in New York, on leaving them recently, to be absent one entire part of the year. We copy from the New York Christian Inquirer.

But before I leave this topic—the alleged inefficiency and dullness of the preaching—I must say one word by way of qualification. Preaching does more good than many persons suppose, and even to themselves, it may be, than they are aware of. An impression may be very beneficial, and even powerful, though not yet consciously recalled. The mind takes up much into itself by silent and almost unconscious assimilation; and it is strongest and healthiest for that spiritual nourishment, or the body is for yesterday's food, of which to-day, perhaps, there is no consciousness nor recollection. And I am sure that, if all the sermons that many persons were to be deprived of that spiritual food which preaching, such as it is, gives them, the tone of religious life and moral health would everywhere run down to a point far below what, with all our complaints, we not see, or even imagine.

But I must say something to counteract one tendency of that state of feeling in our churches, of which I have spoken. And this tendency is to neglect the public service. If attendance at church is to depend upon extraordinary powers, or upon some quickening, inspiring fervor in the preacher, it must inevitably run down. No preacher, perhaps, that lives, can regularly discourse twice every Sunday, in the same pulpit, and meet that demand.

What, then, is to be done in these circumstances? What is to be said to this case? Granting that so affecting and powerful ministration is always to be desired, not blaming the desire for it, at all; yet, where it cannot be had, what is to be done? Shall we shut the church? Shall we forsake the assembling of ourselves together? Or shall we go to such a thin attendance as is utterly discouraging to every body? and such, indeed, that the institution cannot be supported, that it must run down, and perhaps ought to run down?

I see but one way of a conclusion so fatal, let me interpose one consideration of the public service, that does not seem to be taken into the account; and that is, of the worship that is to be rendered to God. If there were no preaching, or none but the dullest, yet would I weakly resort, with my fellow beings, to the house of God, to join with them in prayer and Infinite Power, subjects of an Infinite Authority, children of an Infinite Beneficence; amidst a life surrounded with blessings, and filled with tokens and manifestations of the glory and goodness of God—can we let such a life pass away without any solemn and common acknowledgment of that Father, any recognition of His being, any praise of His bounty, any prayer for His help and guidance? Can we neglect to join in such a congregation that is so indifferent to this great bond to God—this great bond to one another. That fact of our social assembling has in it, I say, a meaning that is so independent of yourselves together.

"True," it may be said, "but it does not follow that we shall assemble here. We will go where we are most likely to be entertained and edified." Let me speak frankly to this case. In the church, then, I ask, is like a theatre, where the attendance ebbs and flows with the coming and going of certain actors? I do not enter into delicate questions, ecclesiastical and local cases. But in general, I ask, ought there not to be something stable and permanent about a religious congregation? Is not this necessary in fact to the general prosperity of our religious institutions? They cannot be supported at all, indeed, without the fixed, harmonious and permanent union of a considerable number of persons. And if these are not sufficient to the dignity of our institutions that they should prosper and decline, appear and vanish, with every breath of circumstance, with every gust of wind, every fancy of the people, every appreciation that comes and goes as the pulpit. I would have my church a place to which my neighbors should go, and from which they cannot easily be torn away. I would have the walls within which I bow in prayer, speak to me of holy memories, of many years' waiting to the truth of meditations and communions, and of blessed souls of the living and the dead, that consecrate the place. I cannot help thinking that having a new church every year, any more than I could the choosing of a new home every year—that certainly in the restlessness of perpetual moving of society among us, whereby it seems likely to lose its hold of the world as a place of associations and sympathies; in this day, when scarcely anything seems to keep its place, I fancy that the church, at least, should be a "pillar and foundation;" and I look with some unusual respect and satisfaction upon an old-established, stationed, strong, and devoutly attached church-man.

But I am dwelling too long upon all this. I will not deny that the space to which this topic has swelled under my hand, is not owing to the thoughts that swell in my heart, of this very church; this Church of the Messiah. It is very dear to me; it seems to me and to many of the most interesting years of my life; and anxious, as I naturally am for its welfare, I commend it, brethren, to your faithful care. And, my friends, and I do hope, that my ministrations here, however humble, will not be lost in a summer stream, that must pass away and leave all dry and barren. If every member of this congregation will daily remember and cherish a sense of himself, and resolve faithfully to attend upon the public service of this church will stand and be supported. And the pastor may feel the satisfaction it will then deserve. But if no life, thoughtless, and worldly spirit shall prevail here, a spirit of mere luxurious self indulgence and pleasure in the music and the service, the members will wander; the congregation will decline; the church will go down, and will hardly be worth the care of a pastor when it receives one, and certainly in that broken and scattered condition, it will be far less likely to find one.

Will you pardon me, my friends, if I still exhort you to fidelity, and to mere patience in this matter? Neither of all things to be this world, is a genuine man—a living soul, in any sphere. But most especially does the pulpit call for such. Such as one I hope you will find, who is free from other engagements, and willing to serve you. I hope you may find him soon; but if some wait, as we sometimes must, let us wait with patience. And while waiting, I beseech you to attend faithfully upon such ministrations as you can obtain, and though you know not, on any given Sunday, where the ministry shall be, nor in what manner it shall be, and all this be less agreeable and attractive to you, yet, pardon me, I again beg you, you not to forsake the holy place; not to leave it desolate; but to come up here a goodly congregation; helping one another in your sympathy and fidelity and earnestness; and so strengthening one another's hands, and encouraging one another's hearts. And so being together the blessing of Almighty God; which may more abundantly come upon you, for the putting forth of your own endeavors than it would from any ministrations without them. For certain it is—I have known of instances—where a man so only so much the worse, so much the more negligent, at least, for so much better as the preaching is to which he listens—paying himself to passive emotions in religion, rather than putting forth earnest efforts for himself.

RATHER FUNNY.—An exchange paper states that the Indians in Mexico use eggs in place of money for a currency. At the rate, they will soon have as rotten a currency as we have here in Pennsylvania—vide the "Relief Notes"—called. —*Germantown Telegraph.*

Our Picture Gallery.

SERPENT-CHARMING.

Their poison is like the poison of a serpent: they are like the deaf adder that stoppeth her ear;
Which will not hearken to the voice of charmers, charming never so wisely.
Psalm 58.

The present texts furnish the earliest existing reference to a class of persons who still practise their art in the East. These are the serpent-charmers,—men who have acquired, or pretend to have acquired, a supernatural secret, which subjected the serpents in a very peculiar manner to their perceptions and control, rendered harmless any wounds which the animals might inflict upon their persons, and enabled them to cure those which others had received. In general, the serpent charmers were men and sex, distinct tribes of men in their several countries, although the power they claim to be an inherent and natural function. The most famous serpent-charmers of antiquity were the Psylli, a people of Cyrenaica; and that there was believed to be a natural power apparent from the story told by Pliny, that they were accustomed to try the legitimacy of their newborn children by exposing them to the most cruel and venomous serpents, who dared not molest or even approach them unless they were spurious. He thinks this power extended to the whole race of these persons, which the serpent abhorred (Nat. Hist. lib. vii. c. 2.) Lucan says the same: and there was no wonder that poet speaks of them affords a complete exposition of the ancient belief concerning the charming of serpents. He chiefly dwells on the supernatural power which they used to protect the Roman camp. When the encampment was marked out, they marched around it chanting their charms, the "magnic sound" of which caused the serpents for away. But not trusting entirely to this, they kept up fires, of different kinds of wood, beyond the furthest tents, the smell of which prevented the serpents from approaching. Thus the camp was protected during the night. But if any soldier, when abroad in the day-time, happened to be bitten, the Psylli exerted their powers to effect a cure. First they rubbed the wounded part around with saliva, to prevent, as they said, the poison from spreading while they assayed their arts to extract it:—

"Then sudden he began the magic song,
And rolls the numbers heavy o'er his tongue;
Recall he runs on, nor pauses once for breath,
To stop the progress of the creeping death.
He fear the sure might suffer by delay,
And life be lost for a moment's stay.

Thus oft, deeply drawn the veins it lies,
By magic numbers charmed, the mischief flies.
But if it hear no more, and still it may,
And scorns the power of charmer to obey;
With forked lips he rouses up the wound,
Drains out and spits the venom to the ground."

In this account we find the voice repeatedly mentioned; and it is to "the voice of the charmer" that the Psalmist refers. We may suppose that, as in the passage we have quoted, the charmers used a form of incantation, or else chanted a song in some peculiar manner. So Eusebius, in mentioning that Palestine abounded in serpent charmers in his time, says that they usually employed a song or charm. This is still one of the processes of the Oriental serpent-charmers. Robert says that the charmer is considered to be exposed at all; indeed, without the fixed, harmonious and permanent union of a considerable number of persons. And it does not comport with the dignity of our institutions that they should prosper and decline, appear and vanish, with every breath of circumstance, with every gust of wind, every fancy of the people, every appreciation that comes and goes as the pulpit. I would have my church a place to which my neighbors should go, and from which they cannot easily be torn away. I would have the walls within which I bow in prayer, speak to me of holy memories, of many years' waiting to the truth of meditations and communions, and of blessed souls of the living and the dead, that consecrate the place. I cannot help thinking that having a new church every year, any more than I could the choosing of a new home every year—that certainly in the restlessness of perpetual moving of society among us, whereby it seems likely to lose its hold of the world as a place of associations and sympathies; in this day, when scarcely anything seems to keep its place, I fancy that the church, at least, should be a "pillar and foundation;" and I look with some unusual respect and satisfaction upon an old-established, stationed, strong, and devoutly attached church-man.

But I am dwelling too long upon all this. I will not deny that the space to which this topic has swelled under my hand, is not owing to the thoughts that swell in my heart, of this very church; this Church of the Messiah. It is very dear to me; it seems to me and to many of the most interesting years of my life; and anxious, as I naturally am for its welfare, I commend it, brethren, to your faithful care. And, my friends, and I do hope, that my ministrations here, however humble, will not be lost in a summer stream, that must pass away and leave all dry and barren. If every member of this congregation will daily remember and cherish a sense of himself, and resolve faithfully to attend upon the public service of this church will stand and be supported. And the pastor may feel the satisfaction it will then deserve. But if no life, thoughtless, and worldly spirit shall prevail here, a spirit of mere luxurious self indulgence and pleasure in the music and the service, the members will wander; the congregation will decline; the church will go down, and will hardly be worth the care of a pastor when it receives one, and certainly in that broken and scattered condition, it will be far less likely to find one.

Will you pardon me, my friends, if I still exhort you to fidelity, and to mere patience in this matter? Neither of all things to be this world, is a genuine man—a living soul, in any sphere. But most especially does the pulpit call for such. Such as one I hope you will find, who is free from other engagements, and willing to serve you. I hope you may find him soon; but if some wait, as we sometimes must, let us wait with patience. And while waiting, I beseech you to attend faithfully upon such ministrations as you can obtain, and though you know not, on any given Sunday, where the ministry shall be, nor in what manner it shall be, and all this be less agreeable and attractive to you, yet, pardon me, I again beg you, you not to forsake the holy place; not to leave it desolate; but to come up here a goodly congregation; helping one another in your sympathy and fidelity and earnestness; and so strengthening one another's hands, and encouraging one another's hearts. And so being together the blessing of Almighty God; which may more abundantly come upon you, for the putting forth of your own endeavors than it would from any ministrations without them. For certain it is—I have known of instances—where a man so only so much the worse, so much the more negligent, at least, for so much better as the preaching is to which he listens—paying himself to passive emotions in religion, rather than putting forth earnest efforts for himself.

RATHER FUNNY.—An exchange paper states that the Indians in Mexico use eggs in place of money for a currency. At the rate, they will soon have as rotten a currency as we have here in Pennsylvania—vide the "Relief Notes"—called. —*Germantown Telegraph.*

ALONE.

BY MARY LEMAN GILLIES.

'Twas midnight, and he sat alone—
The lordship of the dead;
That day the dark dust had been thrown
Upon her buried head
Her orphan'd children round him slept,
But in their sleep would moan;
Then fell the tear that he had wept—
He felt he was alone.

The world was full of life and light,
But ah, no more for him
His little world once warm and bright—
It now was cold and dim.
Where was her accent and kindly face?
Where was her genial tone?
He gazed around for the speaker, but
And felt he was alone.

The white torn—memorial care—
The will of life is gone.
The smile of hope that classed deeper,
And promised forever
The clean bright hearth—nine table spread—
The chair for all things known—
The evenness in whate'er she said—
All gone—he was alone!

He looked into her calm, cold heart—
All sad and unrecognized;
He asked how he had done his part
To see so true—so kind
Each error passed he tried to track—
In torture would atone—
Would gave all life to bring her back—
In vain—he was alone.

He slept at last, and then he dreamed
(Forebance her spirit woke:)
A soft light o'er her pillow gleamed,
A voice in music spoke
"Forgot—forgiven all neglect—
Thy love remembered still—
The tasks I knew, ah, love, protect!
I tell ye all these own."

Fun and Frolic.

NATURE AND ART.

BY S. MORRIS.

When Eve, the first of womankind,
An queen of Eden reared,
Her thoughts and actions were as mention wind,
And all who saw her, loved.
The eagle consorted with the eagle,
And the lion loved his mate,
And when the lowest fell to the lowest
Escaped a fostering strain.
There eyes—the lips—the soul fraught love.
There was the law of nature.
Each movement gave to life a grace—
There were no artificial.

A GOOSE IS A HELLOW BIRD.—Old Mr Miller used to bring one goose at a time, and sold it in a certain town (not Frankford,) in Rhode Island. He always bargained to have his dinner from the goose, and he would eat no more, and as he had far to go, and there were no railroads, turnpikes nor any thing else in those days of our forefathers, he had to start upon his dinner earlier than the rest of the family, so that he might have a prospective *shiy fair start on the road.* Being a hard working man, blessed with a tolerably fair appetite, and a Bostian capacity, (for the Bostians used to say to each other, like pigs, how much do you hold?) he usually ended with—" Mrs. Brown, have you got a head cheek or so, for a goose is but a hollow bird."

Our Scrap Book.

THE YOUNG MOTHER.

There lay upon its mother's knee,
An infant beautiful and fair,
An infant full of life and glee,
Caressing and caress—
While eyes flash'd deep, with gladness wild,
And eye contains bliss,
Rose sweetly down to kiss the child,
And kissed the mother, too.

Then Memory came, with serious mien,
And kissed her lips the while,
Cast such a chill o'er what she saw,
As dimmed Affection's smile.—
For still, in Fancy's brightest hour,
She gave a tear of care,
And hinted sorrow's sigh'd the flowers
That wreath'd her sunny hair.

But in the youthful mother's soul,
Each kind of gloom is fled,
Too pure her ruptured feelings roll
To take the cast of grief,
From Faith, around her child her,
A radiant mantle threw,
And Gladness for her, was a higher joy,
Than Hope or Memory knew.

A CONSISTENT SERJEANT.—A very good lady in Scotland had in her employment a young man from the country. On certain occasions, he was instructed to inform any company who might ring at the door that "Mrs. ——— was not at home."

One day John made this reply to an intimate friend of the lady, who shortly went away, leaving the card at the door, as is usual. As the card was handed in Mrs. ———, she said

"John, what did you say to the lady?"

"I told her you were not at home."

"Well, John, I hope you are not in a hurry?"

"Oh, no, ma'am," said John, "I never laugh when I tell a lie."

CURIOUS REASON.—The following occurrence took place not many miles from town. A barber and a young female having had the banns published, they went to the church to be married. The barber came to a certain part of the ceremony, the bridegroom very gravely asked the clergyman, "If he might not take the ring off?" Marriage is a ring for a term of years, as it was the custom in parts where he had lived." The clergyman, of course, answered in the negative. "Well, sir, then," said the barber, "I suppose I must risk it; so you may go on to the usual way." The ceremony was then duly performed.

A HARD CASE.—Landlord, have you got anything hot in the house?"

"No, sir."

"Any thing cold in the house?"

"No, sir."

"Any dense! What, then, have you got in the house?"

"An execution, sir."

"Poor fellow! sorry for you. Drive on, postillion!"

RAILLERY.—The railleury which is consistent with good breeding is a gentle animadversion on some foible, which, while it raises the laugh in the rest of the company, doth not put the person called out of countenance, or expose him to shame or contempt. On the contrary, the jest should be so delicate that the object of it should be capable of joining in the mirth it occasions.—*Fielding.*

Agricultural.

UNLOADING HAY WITH A PULLEY.

Mr. Fowler, N. Yoss, of Framingham, make his own mode in unload his hay. He has a pully high in the left, and has a full rope long enough to be hitched to his oxen on the lower floor. A hook in the form of a large dung puller, with three prongs twenty inches in length, is pressed into the hay on the cart; the oxen haul up from one hundred to one hundred and fifty pounds at a time; and when it is raised high enough, one or two hands on the mow disengage the hook, and it is then drawn back again by the man on the load by means of his stack rope.

A very large load is soon drawn up in this way, and the oxen do the most of the work. But when the load is small and the scaffold low, not much will be gained by using oxen and a pully, be it necessarily requires some minutes to adjust the rigging, and three or four hands are required at the different stations. But Mr. Voss carries in forty hundred at a load, and he has a number of such loads.

Mr. Voss has a large bay for hay, running several feet below the upper left, and most of it is railed down rather than dumped by the common practice in. The gable end of a large barn would admit a common wagon load of hay; and such a load would be readily hauled up at once by the team. Fifteen minutes are ample time in such case for one man to unload a cart carrying fifteen hundred of hay.

Mr. Voss makes a great business of farming, having under his care two hundred and fifty acres of good land. He has a large herd for dairy, and of course a large piggery. He feeds his cattle generally well. We noticed some of his pigs, and they had the appearance of animals that live on milk. Noticing a piece in this article, under our eye, to make pigs grow, and form good frames, to be fattened, or kept for breeders.

Mr. Voss has the first farmer in this quarter of the county of Middlesex who ventured to buy horse power in his hay fields, and gather hay with a horse rake. All the farms that ever were heard of are on trial by different fingers. The springtime past was within. He then played quicker, and in a notes were louder, when almost immediately a large *cdre* at ripple put forth his hooded head, and the man fearlessly ran to the gap, seized it by the throat, and drew it forth. He then showed the poison fangs, and beat them out; afterwards it was taken to the room where his brother was at work, and deposited among the rest." From the statement of the precautions used on the occasion, for which we refer to the publication, this was a very fair trial. Does not his beating out the poison fangs explain what follows in the next verse?—Break their teeth, oh God, in their mouth." This is usually done by the serpent-charmers, who then tame them, and use them in various exhibitions. These exhibitions are much the same everywhere. The most usual are thus described by Mr. Gagerly, in the paper above cited, which we had rather quote as it partly serves to explain our present text:—"Taking out sight or ten different kinds, they cast them on the ground. The animals immediately make off in different directions. The *sap wallah* (charmer) then applies his pipe to his mouth, and sends forth a few of his peculiar notes, when all the serpents stop as though enchanted; they then turn towards the musician, and approaching him within two feet, they erect their heads, and keep time with the upward and forward, keep time with the time. When he ceases playing, they drop their heads, and remain as at the present. He adds that the most venomous and inferior kind of serpent-charmers, who are Bengalese of the lowest caste. They do not use the cobra, but recently beat with their fingers the head of the serpents, and otherwise irritate them, until the animals become so intoxicated that they dart forward and seized the naked arm of the *wallah*, which he exposes for the purpose. They sometimes allow their arms to be bitten in this manner till they are covered with blood.

Other serpent-charmers allow large serpents to twine around their bodies, in a way that shows their perfect tameness, and the impunity with which they are able.

"To daily with the crowned worm,
To stroke his azure neck, or to receive
The lambent homage of his arrowy tongue."

Others, again, in this situation, allow themselves, when compressed in the serpent's folds, to be dreadfully wounded in many places, (the poisoned fangs, of course, being wanted.) till, when streaming with blood, tortured, swollen, and in a really dangerous condition, the coadjutor makes his appearance, and applies the pipe or whistle in his lips. The serpents listen to the music, gradually unloose their coils, and creep back to the cage from which they had been removed at the commencement of the awful and cruel exhibition.

PROFITS OF FARMING.

Mr. Sackett mentioned in an several examples of profitable farming. John Hosier, lately deceased, commenced farming with fifty acres of land, which at that time was worth not much $400 to $500, and this was all the property he possessed. He died at the age of forty-eighty, and his property was appraised at $60,000. This was free and clear of all encumbrances, and had been acquired solely by farming.

Joseph Gumber commenced by renting of Mr Sackett eighty-five acres of cleared land, which cost $65 per acre. He took the farm for three years at $300 per year. He had but little stock, scarcely equal in ten per cent. interest on the cost of the land, and the utmost laid by so much money that at the expiration of the three years he bought a farm. He wants the payment of which he advanced $1,800. He married, however, about this time, and received $500 by his wife—the remaining $1,300 he made in the three years he rented the farm of Mr. S. Wheat and clover seed were his leading crops. He is now considered wealthy. We passed his farm, and were pleased with its neat appearance, and with the fine wheat, barley, and corn crops we saw on it.—*Albany Cultivator.*

HORSE-RAKE.

It is well, Messrs. Editors, to preserve the memorials of improvements useful to the farmer, and as the farmers of America have profited largely by the advantages derived from the horse-rake, I deem it but justice to the inventor, a poor son of Africa, to treasure up its history.

A black man, who lived in Hempstead Plains, Long Island, says the Farmer's Cabinet, invented the horse-rake. He died in 1821. It was first introduced into Pennsylvania in 1819. The first one was destroyed by a malicious person, who dread the innovating effects on the price of labor. It is now becoming universal, and many a patent instrument is to be found, while the inventor is forgotten. It saves at least one half of the expense in gathering the hay.—*Albany Cultivator.*

FEATHER BED SUBSTITUTE.—A cheap and good way of painting brick buildings is given by T. Hudson, a correspondent of the Prairie Farmer. He states that he has seen buildings that were from twelve or fifteen years ago, the color remaining as bright as when first put on. Black brick burnt late in the whitewash, and add Umetine and give it the desired color. Apply it with a whitewash brush, in dry, hot weather. Two coats are sufficient. Then with a chalk line lay off the joints in the brick, and pencil those lines with whitewash or white paint, the former proving most durable. Salt, glue, or skim milk are said to improve this paint or wash, but are not essential.

CURE FOR SORENESS IN HORSES.—A writer in the Boston Ploughman, says: "Sandock leaves will cure the worst case of soreness in a horse, and in him out about two leaves. I have tried it many times. My horse will always eat them when the sharves is bad." Try it and let us know the result.

Science and Art.

EXPERIMENTS IN BLACK-SMITHING.

Sawing heated iron or steel is not known or thought of by blacksmiths; and when several forks or branches are to be formed, they are usually made if the branches are to remain, eventually, nearly in contact and parallel with each other, the usual method is to split the end of the iron with a cold or ward cold-chisel, thereby deforming the edge of each branch, on which account the branches must be bent asunder, for the purpose of dressing and shaping, and squaring the end of each, after which they are brought together as well as may be, usually retaining a roughness on the inside of the fork. Accuracy in size and strength, near the junctures of the branches. Instead of this tedious process, the iron when heated may be put into a vise, and the fork may be readily split by a suitable saw, which would save much labor and hammering and filing. A saw for the purpose should be coarser and stronger than at the back, and with uniform teeth about one tenth of an inch apart. The saw must be sharp, and be often dipped in water, to prevent its becoming too much heated.

The above is a method of sawing or cutting hardened steel, which is not so generally known as it should be. A circular piece of common thin iron steel, about the size of a dollar piece, is fixed in any other means put in a violent rotary motion, will readily cut off a file, a cutting tool, or tempered steel, without drawing or softening the temper of the part. There is much mystery in the effect of this beam, and its cutting property is attributed to electricity. It answers a very convenient purpose, however, when the shape and form of articles are required to be altered without effecting their temper. It furnishes a convenient method for cutting teeth to large saws, but is objectionable on account of the newly cut notches being left so hard that they cannot be readily filed. Connected with the subject of "mysterious effects," it may be stated that a bar of iron of almost any size, may be instantly rendered white hot by the simple application of water to a certain heat. A knowledge of this fact will be useful when some piece of iron work is to be severed, but which cannot be taken in the case, in consequence of its form, or the situation of the part to be severed, or the end of the cylinder. The oscillation of the cylinder, as the crank revolves, brings each of the orifices alternately in front of the stream of water, and as the jets pass, no air can enter, but the water will issue in a continued stream.—*Scientific American.*

NEW STEAM ENGINE.

Mr. William Ball, of Chicopee Falls, Mass., has erected to steam in preference to water power, and has constructed an engine at once simple and ingenious, and applied it to the saw mill occupied by our able exchange, the Chicopee Telegraph. The engine occupies a space of only about a square yard upon the floor. The cylinder and valve motions, upon which they are balanced at their centers of vibration, are simple. The piston rod is united directly to the crank of the drive-wheel, and as the crank revolves, the necessary lateral motion is accomplished by the oscillation of the cylinder upon the end of the cylinder. The oscillation of the cylinder, as the crank revolves, brings each of the orifices alternately in front of the stream of water, and as the jets pass, no air can enter, but the water will issue in a continued stream. This phenomenon is curious, although it so often affords much practical utility.—*Scientific American.*

CONUNDRUMS.

Why is A like a honeymoon?
Ans—A is bee fullness it.

Why is grandmother like the counterfeit money?
Ans—It is not (mercer) current.

What word of six letters can be spelled with five?
Ans—Expressly. (*X P R S S L*)

ANSWERS TO RIDDLES IN LAST.

ACROSTICAL ENIGMA.
PETER PAUL R. ANS.

ENIGMA.
THE FALLS OF NIAGARA.

Culinary Department

RECEIPTS.

ALMOND BREAKFAST CAKES.—Two eggs, three pints of milk, quarter of a pound of butter, two tea-spoonfuls of yeast, a little saleratus dissolved in it, and white Indian meal to make a thick batter; butter scalloped oval tins, two-thirds fill them, (they should be about a pint;) bake for half an hour in a quick oven.

REMARKS ON SOUP-MAKING.

Great care must be taken that the vessels in which soups are made should be perfectly clean and free from any grease or sand, otherwise the soup will be spoiled. Earthenware pipkins, or a well tinned or porcelain kettle is best for this purpose.

Soup must have a long time time to make; the meat can scarcely be boiled too long a time; but it must be done slowly, the meat will then be more tender, and the soup of a finer flavor. Soup should be but little more water put on the meat than you intend will cover it when done, and it—put must not be uncovered oftener than is absolutely necessary for skimming it clear. A little salt put in with the meat will cause the scum to rise and therefore make the soup clearer.

Care should be taken that it tastes equally of each of the ingredients.

The greens and vegetables used must be carefully prepared—that is, picked and washed.

Soup that every particle of scum is taken off as it rises, and before the vegetables are put in.

When fat soup is not liked, the grease may be taken off by passing a piece of paper on it, as it will then be fit for other uses.

The meat must be put in when the water is cold, as the sudden heat of boiling water prevents the juices from being given out and renders the meat tough.

The water in which fowls or meat has been boiled will make a good dish of soup by adding vegetables and seasoning as any other soup.

The meat of which soup has been made, is good when cold cut in thin slices, or may be served in several nice little made dishes.

The vegetables most used for soups are the green parts of celery—carrots grated, or sliced turnips, leeks and parsley.

The Riddler.

ACROSTICAL ENIGMA.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 21 letters.
My 1, 14, 20, 6, 19, 15, is a county in Virginia.
My 2, 18, 7, 16, 18, 5, 14, 6, 6, is a county in Pennsylvania.
My 3, 14, 16, 15, 7, is a county in Mississippi.
My 4, 18, 7, 5, 6, 7, 19, 8, is a county in Illinois.
My 5, 14, 16, 15, 7, is a county in Tennessee.
My 6, 16, 16, 7, 19, 8, is a county in Ohio.
My 7, 18, 16, 19, 10, is a mountain in Europe.
My 8, 7, 16, 7, 19, 8, is a county in Virginia.
My 9, 11, 18, 4, 16, is a county in Michigan.
My 10, 14, 17, 10, 18, 11, is a city in Switzerland.
My 11, 18, 17, 4, 7, 18, 11, is a city in Holland.
My 12, 9, 6, 12, 4, 20, 16, is a city in Europe.
My 13, 14, 16, 7, 19, 8, is a county in Ohio.
My 14, 18, 7, 16, is a city in Europe.
My 15, 14, 16, 7, 19, 8, is a county in Virginia.
My 16, 9, 6, 20, 14, is a river in South America.
My 17, 18, 12, 7, 1, is a city in the United States.
My 18, 15, 14, 7, 1, 7, 19, 8, is a county in Ohio.
My 19, 18, 15, 9, 16, 17, is a city in Europe.
My 20, 14, 16, 7, 19, 8, is a county in Ohio.
My 21, 6, 2, 15, 4, 1, 19, is a county in Mississippi.
My whole is the name of a celebrated American Officer who fought in the Revolutionary war.

J. W. M., Jr.

ENIGMA.

The moon rose high in her majesty,
Over glittering earth, and through deep blue sky,
Reigning in bright tranquility.
One soft beam looked on a woodland glade—
Two hearts beneath
Drawn in close accord.
And 'twere hard to say which bespoke the maid.
"Dearest, I give my heart to thee,
Truth, love and changeless constancy.
All, all—I've none there shall be to see.
Oh, give us what never yet was thine,
Nor ne—r—r—, thou shalt ever make it mine.
No woman but that which from thee I crave,
Or had. No, nor ever could wish to have.
And even—"
"Hold, hold, I pledge thee my troth,
A true and an everlasting vow,
Life, fortune, and honor, what'er
Is, or ever henceforth may be mine to share,
Count thou on them, and on me."
That which now I can revenge and claiming from thee."

CONUNDRUMS.

Why is A like a honeymoon?
Ans—A is bee fullness it.

Why is grandmother like the counterfeit money?
Ans—It is not (mercer) current.

What word of six letters can be spelled with five?
Ans—Expressly. (*X P R S S L*)

ANSWERS TO RIDDLES IN LAST.

ACROSTICAL ENIGMA.
PETER PAUL R. ANS.

ENIGMA.
THE FALLS OF NIAGARA.

Culinary Department

RECEIPTS.

ALMOND BREAKFAST CAKES.—Two eggs, three pints of milk, quarter of a pound of butter, two tea-spoonfuls of yeast, a little saleratus dissolved in it, and white Indian meal to make a thick batter; butter scalloped oval tins, two-thirds fill them, (they should be about a pint;) bake for half an hour in a quick oven.

REMARKS ON SOUP-MAKING.

Great care must be taken that the vessels in which soups are made should be perfectly clean and free from any grease or sand, otherwise the soup will be spoiled. Earthenware pipkins, or a well tinned or porcelain kettle is